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THE PSALTER

OR

PSALMS OF DAVID;

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THE PSALTER

OR

PSALMS OF DAVID;

IN ENGLISH VERSE;

BY

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

ADAPTED, FOR THE MOST PART,

TO TUNES IN COMMON USE;

AND DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE

LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Quis non hic CHRISTUM, *quem prædicamus, et in quem credimus, quamlibet sit tardus, agnoscat?*

S. AUG. DE CIV. DEI, xvii. 16.

OXFORD,

JOHN HENRY PARKER;

J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIX.

BAXTER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

RICHARD, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY,

AND

CHANCELLOR OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,

THIS

VERSION OF THE PSALMS

IS INSCRIBED,

IN HUMBLE AND DUTIFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF THE HONOUR CONFERRED ON IT BY HIS LORDSHIP

IN ALLOWING IT TO APPEAR

UNDER HIS SANCTION.

PREFACE.

It is not without very great misgiving and reluctance, that this Version of the Psalms is published: such misgiving, as would yield to no sanction short of what it has been honoured with. It was undertaken, in the first instance, with a serious apprehension, which has since grown into a full conviction, that the thing attempted is, strictly speaking, *impossible:* it being obvious, from the structure of the Hebrew Psalms, that they were intended not for singing, but for chanting. The system of parallel members and clauses, on which they are constructed throughout, seems to have been even providentially framed, (if one may venture on such conjectures,) with a view to the expression in other languages of

their form as well as substance, (both alike inspired,) with as little loss as possible of meaning and beauty. But the more encouragement it gives to versions merely rhythmical, such as those of the Septuagint, the Vulgate, or the English Prayer-Book, the less chance does it leave of success in any modern metre; the form and tone of the two being not only different, but, generally speaking, irreconcileable. All that can be done is, to give to each clause something like the relative importance which it has in the original: the collocation of the parts of the clause, it is out of the question trying to preserve.

The custom, however, of singing the Psalms rather than chanting them, has prevailed among us so long and so universally, that there is small hope at present of changing it: and as long as it lasts, and is sanctioned by authority, such efforts as the present are admissible. The Versions commonly used, not-

withstanding much that is meritorious, are confessedly deficient each in an important qualification. That of the Elizabethan age wants force: that which dates from the Revolution, fidelity; not professing even to be translated from the original, which the former Version undoubtedly was, and with such care, that Bishop Horsley recommended it as no small help to an English reader in the right understanding of the Psalms. The point in which its authors especially failed, is one well fitted to give an idea of the difficulty of the whole undertaking. They appear to have been fully aware of the necessity of preserving, by some strong mark, the distinction of clauses as in the Hebrew: but in applying the divisions of the English stanza to this purpose, they are obliged, not once or twice but continually, to dilute the meaning, and lose the energy of the original. Thus throughout the 119th Psalm, it will be found, that a short Hebrew verse of two clauses, is made to cor-

respond to an English stanza of four lines; and the direct, lightning-like force of the inspired sentences is generally sacrificed altogether.

One object, accordingly, which has been chiefly kept in view in preparing the present Version, has been to express the effect of each Hebrew clause by a single line instead of half a stanza; at the risk, too often, of a harshness and constraint, both in sound and expression, which might have been avoided by more skill in the Translator. Of course, the degree in which this has been effected has varied greatly in different Psalms; some, in the original, seemed more easily to admit of paraphrase than others did: not to mention, what all must be aware of, how much more freely and happily the expedients of metre and language suggest themselves at one time than at another.

In the longer Psalms, endeavour has been made to mark the transitions, and bring out

the whole subject, not only by a sort of paragraphs, as in the former Versions, but also by a suitable change of metre.

And although the Translator much fears, that the general character of the Version will be found to partake of harshness and obscurity, to a far greater degree than he could wish; yet he is not without hope, that (with the permission of those in authority) it may be found occasionally useful for congregational singing. With a view to this, it has been endeavoured, in each Psalm or part of a Psalm, to have at least *four* consecutive stanzas, which, by their easy flow, and adaptation to some simple tune, might, without much difficulty, be used by ordinary worshippers.

But as the chief object of the whole has been to adhere reverentially to the meaning of the original, (for which purpose no scruple has been made of giving up what, in mere human poetry, would have seemed more

beautiful;) so the main advantage which the Translator looks to, from an attempt, after all, so unworthy in every way, is, that it may in parts throw light on the holy and divine Psalms themselves, and help us to read them in their Christian and practical sense: which he the rather hopes, as the whole has had the benefit of Dr. PUSEY's most kind and thoughtful revision.

It may be right here to say one word of that which will perhaps be felt by some as a disappointment: that the mystical and evangelical meaning of the Psalms is not so much brought out as it might have been. It seemed the more dutiful and correct, and therefore in the end surely the more edifying, way, to represent in this respect also as nearly as possible the tenor of the Hebrew Verity: to observe the rule, which He who spake by the Prophets has (if it may be said) appointed for Himself in all His communications to mankind; to disclose, rather than

exhibit, His dealings and His will; to keep Himself, to the generality, under a veil of reserve, through which the eyes of men might see just so much and so clearly, as they were purged by Faith and Purity and Obedience. Considering the Psalms especially as divine *Poems*, this surely is a quality which we should expect to find in them: a certain combination of reserve with openness being of the very essence of poetry: and the Psalms being apparently ordained to leaven the poetry of the whole world, as the history of the Old Testament to be "the Sun of all other histories." Not to dwell on the obvious result, that, by trying to bring out the spiritual meaning, we do to a certain degree limit it, in such a manner as would make a translation unfaithful, though it may be allowed perhaps in a commentary. For instance; it is a known ancient rule of interpretation, "You will hardly find a word in the Psalms, but it is spoken in the Name of Christ and

the Church, either both jointly, or one of the two singly: and if of the Church, then of each one amongst us[a]." It cannot then be right to translate a passage, which, for aught we know, may be capable of the double interpretation, so as to confine it to the single one; and yet this is what we should be often doing, were we to express more fully the prophetical allusions to our Lord, under the notion of spiritualizing them. "*I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me;*" is doubtless an allusion to our Saviour's death and resurrection: but were a translator to *express* that allusion, he would exclude what is surely intended also; the hint, that each Christian's daily lying down and rising up is a token, or, as the ancient Church would denominate it, "a sacrament," of the same death and resurrection, and also of our own.

[a] S. Aug. *Enarr. in Psalm* lix. §. 1.

To these explanations the Translator must be allowed to join his hearty wish and prayer, that the work may be guarded from doing harm, as tempting either to irreverent criticism, or to irregular and unauthorized congregational use, or in any other way: and that some more competent person may, at least, find hints in it for attempting the same hereafter with better success.

Oxford, May 29, 1839.

THE PSALTER,

OR

PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.

How blest the man who never trod
  Where sinners haunting wait,
Stood in the way with foes of God,
  In scorners' council sate:

But in the Lord's own law and will
  He joys with deep delight;
His law with serious heart and still
  He ponders day and night.

He shall be like a tree that grows
  Where flowing waters meet,
Who in her time her fruit bestows,
  Her leaf shall never fleet.

No work of his but prospers well—
The wicked are not so,
Like chaff before some eddying gale
Borne wildly to and fro.

O vainly then would sinners trust
In judgment-hour to stand,
Or in th' assembly of the just
The proud rebellious band.

For sure th' Eternal Eye will mark
The good man's work and way:
But ways of sinners—in the dark
For ever lost are they.

PSALM II.

Why gath'ring rag'd the realms so wild,
What dreams have heathen hearts beguil'd?
They rouse them, all the kings of earth,
The Powers in council are gone forth,
Against the Lord who rules above,
Against th' Anointed of His love.

"Now break we all their bonds in twain,
"Away we cast them, cord and chain,"—

He scorns them, Who in Heav'n abides,
Their doings God on high derides.
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
In withering anger blast their path:

" My King I have anointed still
" On Zion, Mine own holy hill."
Now let Me tell the high decree:—
The Lord spake out, He spake to Me—
" Thou art My Son," He said, " to-day
" Begotten: ask, and win Thy way:

" Ask, and I bid the realms be Thine,
" All ends of earth Thy lot assign,
" To bruise with iron rod, to spurn
" And shiver like a potter's urn."
Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise,
Ye lords of earth, your heart chastise.

Serve God in fear: before the Throne
In awe rejoice, and kiss the Son;
Lest He be wroth, and ye, astray
And helpless, perish off the way:
Soon will His ire blaze out in power,
O blest, who lean on Him that hour.

Another of the same.

Why roar the heathen hosts, so wild uprising?
Why do the realms imagine a vain thing?
Earth's monarchs rise, high chiefs the war devising,
On God, and on His own anointed King:—
"Break we all their bonds in twain,
"Cast them from us, cord and chain."—
He dwells in heaven who laughs them all to scorn,
The voice of mockery from the Lord is borne.

Then shall He speak to them in wrath and chiding,
In withering anger vex them and confound.
"Yet is Mine oil upon My King abiding,
"On Zion, Mine own holy mountain, crown'd."—
Hear the covenant and decree;
God the Lord spake out to Me:
"Thou art My Son," He said: "even I to-day
"Have Thee begotten: ask, and win Thy way:

"Ask, and behold the heathen are assign'd Thee,
"Into Thine hands I give all ends of earth,
"To bruise with iron rod, to cast behind Thee,
"Dash'd like a vessel on the potter's hearth."

Now then, O ye kings, be wise,
Lords of earth, your heart chastise;
Serve God in fear; rejoice with trembling; own
And kiss with loyal love th' anointed Son.

Kiss ye the Son ere yet His ire be glowing,
So might ye perish on your tardy way;
Soon will He blaze, in wrath and zeal o'erflowing:
Thrice blessed all who trust in Him that day.

PSALM III.

O Lord, what foes on foes are nigh!
What myriads round Me rise!
What myriads vex My soul, and cry,
"No succour in the skies!"

"No help for him in God," they say;
Yet o'er Me Thou art spread,
My shield, O Lord, My glorious ray,
And lifter of My head.

My voice is wafted to the Lord,
I call'd on Him by name,
Out of His holy mount the word
Of answering mercy came.

This have I found[a]: I laid me low,
I slumber'd and I slept,
I rose secure: My watch I know
Th' upholding Father kept.

Not for ten thousands will I fear,
Whose toils around Me close:
Rise, save Me, Lord; Thou God give ear,
And smiter of My foes;

Who break'st the jaws of lawless might,
The teeth of sinners bold—
Salvation to the Lord our Light,
Thy blessing crowns Thy fold.

PSALM IV.

Make answer when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Thou hast made room for me in thrall;
Now pitying hear, and bless.

[a] Heb. "I (and not another) lay down &c." "It is matter of my own personal experience."

How long, ye sons of earth,
Turn ye my praise to shame?
In shadows seek your peace and mirth,
Your heart to falsehood frame?

Know ye that God hath stor'd
The just apart from all,
His own, His treasure: God the Lord
Will hear me when I call.

In wrath remember dread,
Draw near and cease from ill,
Talk with your heart upon your bed,
Talk nightly, and be still.

Your true thank-offerings bring
Of righteousness entire,
And see that to the Lord you cling
With hope aud heart's desire.

Many there be who say,
"O for a gleam of grace!"
Lift o'er us, Lord, Thy glorious ray,
The brightness of Thy face.

Thou gav'st me joy of heart;
Sure hope and joy divine,

Since Thy large bounty deign'd impart
Their plenteous corn and wine.

With thoughts in calm accord
I will lie down and sleep,
For Thou, even Thou alone, O Lord,
My home wilt safely keep.

PSALM V.

Give ear unto my words, O Lord,
My dove-like moanings weigh;
Hear my complaint, my King and God,
For unto Thee I pray.

Lord, Thou shalt hear my voice at morn,
For Thee at break of day
I keep my watch, and set my heart
In order and array.

For not a God well pleas'd with ill,
No sinner's rest art Thou:
Thou hat'st the wrongful; haughty men
Cannot endure Thy brow:

The liars perish by Thine arm;
The man of blood and guile

Our God abhors; but I will come
Into Thy holy pile:

Into Thy temple I will come
In fulness of Thy grace,
And in the fear of Thee bow down
Towards Thy holy place.

Lord, guide me in Thy righteousness,
And mark me out Thy way;
I need Thee, for my foes are nigh;
And no true word have they.

The secrets of their heart, all harm,
Their throat, an open tomb,
Their tongue they polish, smooth as oil:
O Lord, give out their doom.

By their own counsel let them fall,
In fulness of their sin,
Haste, force them down, who dar'd with Thee
Rebellious war begin.

But joy to all who trust in Thee;
Eternal praise they sing;
They sing, and o'er them evermore
Thou spread'st Thy guardian wing.

Who love Thy Name, are glad in Thee,
And hymn Thy blessing, seal'd
To righteous men, Thy fostering arm
Cast o'er them like a shield.

PSALM VI.

Lord, in Thy wrath reprove no more,
Nor chide me with Thy withering word:
Lord, spare me, for I languish sore,
My bones are throbbing; heal me, Lord.

My heart and flesh are throbbing wild;
But Thou, most gracious Lord, how long?
O turn Thee and redeem Thy child,
Save me, nor let Thy grace have wrong.

No sound of praise among the dead
Is Thine: who thanks Thee in the grave?
I faint with sighing: all my bed
With tears all night I drench and lave.

Mine eye for very grief is pin'd,
Decaying, for my foes and fears.—
Away from me, ye sinful kind,
My glorious God hath heard my tears:

The Lord hath heard me cry for grace,
The Lord my prayer receives and knows;
Trembling of heart and shame of face,
Flight and bewildering on my foes.

PSALM VII.

O Lord my God, to Thee I cling;
From chace of angry men
Preserve me, win me; ere he spring
Like lion from his den,
And grasp my soul, and rend at will,
And no deliverer nigh:—
O if indeed I wrought this ill
Before Thee, Lord most high;

Mine hands if evil mar and soil,
If words of peace I met
With mischief:—if I take their spoil
Who causeless on me set:—
Then be my soul pursu'd and won
By hunters keen and fell,
My life to earth be trampled down,
In dust my glory dwell.

Rise in Thy wrath, arouse Thee, Lord,
To quell my raging foes;
Mine hour of judgment, with Thee stor'd,
In wakening might disclose.
The realms shall compass Thee around,
A glorious company,
And o'er them with dominion crown'd,
Return, O Lord, on high.

The Lord all regions will redress:—
O Lord, defend my part,
According to my righteousness
And soundness of my heart.
When wilt Thou end the harm of sin,
And make the righteous sure,
Who prov'st the heart and reins within,
God ever just and pure?

God, of true hearts the Guardian tried,
On Him my shield I lay,
The mighty God, our Judge and Guide,
Whose anger burns all day.
And turn'st Thou not? His sword is whet,
His bow is bent aright,
His death-bolts with stern aim are set,
And shafts of burning flight.

Behold the man who teems with sin,
His pangs are sure, are nigh:
His travail-months in woe begin,
His offspring is a lie.
He trac'd and hew'd a grave, and low
In his own pit is caught,
On his own head recoils the woe,
Crush'd by the wrong he wrought.

Now for His justice I will frame
High glory to the Lord;
In lays of mine be Thy great Name,
O God most high, ador'd.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
How bright Thy Name, how high!
Thou who hast pour'd Thy glory forth
Beyond th' eternal sky.

By lips that hang upon the breast
Thou hast ordain'd Thee might
For war, to lay the foe to rest,
And still th' avenger's spite.

When gazing on the Heavens, I see
The work of Thine own hand,
The moon and stars, array'd by Thee
In order as they stand;

What is frail man, for Thee to bear
In memory and in mind?
Or wherefore visit with Thy care
The child of base mankind?

Thou sett'st him where is little space
'Twixt him and Powers divine,
With glory crown'st him, and with grace,
O'er every work of Thine.

His is the sway: the Word from Thee
Put all beneath his feet,
Both flock and herd, yea wild beast free,
And fowls of Heaven so fleet:

And fishes of the sea; whate'er
Glides deep in ocean ways:—
O Lord, our Lord, how dread and fair
In all the earth Thy praise!

PSALM IX.

PART I.

Thee, Lord, with all my heart I praise,
I speak of all Thy wondrous ways,
Own Thee with glad exulting cry,
And hymn Thy name, O Thou Most High.

For why? my foes are turn'd to flight,
They fall, they stumble in Thy light;
'Twas Thine, my cause, my plea to own,
Thou didst ascend Thine awful Throne,

To judge aright, the realms to chide,
And sweep from earth the sinners' pride:
Thou blottest out their name; 'tis o'er
For ever and for evermore.

The haughty Foe!—their end is come,
Eternal wasting their dread doom.
The towers uprooted by Thy sway,—
Dead is their praise—no name have they.

But God for ever sitteth sure,
He bids His judgment-throne endure,
To rule the world in righteousness,
The wrongs of every realm redress.

PART II.

God is a refuge for th' oppress'd,
A refuge sure, a timely rest
In woeful hours and drear.
Who know Thy Name to Thee will cleave,
Who never yet didst heart deceive,
That sought Thee in true fear.

To God in Sion throu'd sing praise,
In every realm tell out His ways,
His ways and wonders high;
How, blood requiring, in deep thought
He bare them all, nor e'er forgot
The poor man's call and cry.

Have mercy, Lord; mine anguish see,
My foes' keen ire, O wont to free
My soul from gates of hell;
Lo Sion's daughter in her gate
Shall hear me all Thy praise relate,
Thine aid triumphant tell.

Lo groveling in the pit they made
The heathen sink; where toils they laid,
Their feet are tangled there:

Now is God known, His judgment wrought,
In his own wiles th' ungodly caught,
His fingers wove the snare.

Now turn they to their dark abode,
All sinners, heathens all, where God
Out of the heart is cast:
The poor not always is forgot,
Nor yet the meek man's longing thought
For ever gone and past.

Up, Lord—no more be mortals strong:
Behold they wait, the Gentile throng,
For Thee to judge and scan:
Lord, range Thy fear along their way,
Till haughtiest heathens know, e'en they
Are frail and mortal Man.

PSALM X.

PART I.

O Lord, why wait afar, and hide
Thine eyes in needful hour,
Now when the sinner's burning pride
Th' afflicted would devour?

Be their own footsteps caught and bound
Deep in the snare themselves have wound.

Th' ungodly made his boast aloud
Of all his base heart dream'd:
He blest the greedy grasping crowd,
The God of Heaven blasphem'd.
Th' ungodly with his haughty frown
Saith, God in Heaven will ne'er look down.

" There is no God," is all his thought;
His ways a giddy flight
For ever: high above are wrought
Thy judgments out of sight:
The foes that seek him for a prey—
In scorn he blows them all away.

Thus in his secret heart he said,
" Now with sure step I go,
" From age to age unwavering tread,
" My times no evil know."
His mouth is cursing, fraud, and wrong,
All woe and guile beneath his tongue.

In ambush he the streets will haunt,
The just in ambush dark

Will slay: the paths of woe and want
His stealing eye will mark.
As lion lurks by rushy moor,
So lurks he low, to rend the poor.

He rends the poor—his leap how keen!
How close he draws the toil!
Crush'd they sink down, the poor and mean;
His strong ones take the spoil.
"God hath forgot," in heart he cries;
"He hid His face; He ne'er had eyes."

Rise, Lord; upraise Thine arm of might,
Remember yet th' oppress'd:
Why spake the foe in God's despite?
He told his own false breast,
"'Twas not in Thee to search or try;"
But Thou wast there with open eye.

'Tis Thine both woe and wrong to see,
The poor his all may lend
To Thy sure hand, lean whole on Thee,
The orphan's ready Friend.
Break Thou the bold bad arm, till eye
May search their ill, and none descry.

PART II.

For ever and for evermore
The Lord is King alone;
The heathen from the holy shore
Are perish'd all and gone.

Lord, Thou hast deign'd the longing vow
Of needy souls to hear,
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and bow
Thy listening gracious Ear.

Now for Thy poor, Thine orphan'd fold,
Thy judgment shall go forth,
No more to tremble in fierce hold
Of weak frail man on earth.

PSALM XI.

On God the Lord I lean and rest,
Why to my spirit say,
" Away to your safe mountain nest,
" Ye flutterers speed away:

" For, lo! th' ungodly bend the bow,
" They string and aim the dart,
" Through darkling air to glide, and go
" Straight to the true man's heart.

" Foundations crumble, tower and mound,
" And he who seeks the right,
"What hath he wrought? what refuge found?"—
Th' Eternal in His might:

The Lord within His holy place,
The Lord enthron'd on high;
His eyes behold our mortal race,
His eyelids watch and try.

He tries the righteous, even our Lord;
But hearts in evil strong,
For evermore His soul abhorr'd,
And him who loves the wrong.

His snares on rebels may He shower!
Fire, brimstone, withering blasts
Of poison'd air, their lot and dower,
Into their cup He casts.

For righteous is the Lord Most High;
No righteous deed but He
Will love; the just with open eye
His face shall ever see.

PSALM XII.

Lord, save me, for the good man fails,
The true are minish'd from mankind,
Their talk is all deceitful tales,
A smooth false lip, a double mind.

Lord, mar the lips of guile and sleight,
The tongue that speaks so loud and free,
Which say, "Our tongue shall be our might,
"Our lips, our stay;—no Lord have we!"

"Now for the wasting of the poor,
"The sighing deep of souls oppress'd,
"I rise," saith God, "and plant him sure;
"Even as he breathes to Me for rest."

The words of God are words most pure,
As silver purg'd from earth and tried,
That seven times did the fire endure,
And came out seven times purified.

Thou, Lord, wilt keep them, faithful found,
Wilt guard him safe from these dark days,
Though ne'er so proud the foe range round,
While vilest men have all the praise.

PSALM XIII.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget,
And scorn me day by day?
And how long hide Thy face, and set
Thine Eye so far away?

How long within me shall a throng
Of cares and counsels haunt?
My heart sink daily down? how long
Th' oppressor o'er me vaunt?

Look down, O Lord, and own my prayer,
God of mine hope and faith:
Enlighten my sad eyes, or ere
I sleep the sleep of death;

Or ere the foe triumphant say,
"He wavers, I have won."—
Th' avengers, when my feet give way,
With boastful shout come on.

But I have lean'd upon Thy love,
My heart would joyful spring
At Thy relief,—to God above
His own rich bounty sing.

PSALM XIV.

"There is no God:"—so spake in thought
The man of churlish mood.
All marr'd and foul is all they wrought,
Not one of them doth good.

The Lord o'er all the sons of man
Look'd from His high abode,
If one wise heart His Eye might scan,
One duteous, seeking God.

The world, even all, astray was gone,
Together loathsome turn'd;
None of them all doth good, not one:—
O have they nought discern'd?

Have they not known, that work such ill,
Who at their daily board
As bread devour Mine own, at will
Devour, nor name the Lord?

There have they trembled with deep fear,
Because th' Almighty still
Dwells with the just, a Guardian near.—
Ye scorn the chasten'd will,

The poor man's mind ye madness count,
For he on Heaven relies.—
O when from Zion's holy mount
Shall Israel's Hope arise?

What time His tribes' captivity
Th' Almighty shall redeem,
Then Jacob's heart shall leap for glee,
With joy shall Israel beam.

PSALM XV.

Who in Thy tabernacles, Lord,
May sojourn and abide;
Or who inhabit for his home
Thine holy mountain's side?

The man whose paths are undefil'd,
Who keeps the perfect way,
Whose heart speaks out the very truth,
Nor dares the Lord gainsay:

Who bears no guile upon his lips,
Achieves no brother's wrong,
The guardian of his neighbour's name,
Enduring no ill tongue.

The vile man in his eyes is vile,
But hearts that fear the Lord
He dearly holds; to his own ill
Is sworn, and keeps the word.

Who ne'er on usury gave his store,
Nor op'd for gain his hands
Against th' unsinning: thus he wrought;
For ever sure he stands.

PSALM XVI.

PART I.

Lord, save Me, for I trust in Thee—
I said unto the Lord My Light,
" Thou art My God: all good in Me
" It soars not to Thine awful height.

" 'Tis for the saints that dwell on earth,
" The noble souls, My joy and praise.—
" Woe, woe and toil in plenteous birth
" To all that rush on wild new ways."

No foul blood-offerings will I give
To mingle with their altar flames,

Nor once upon My lips receive
One of their dark abhorred names.

Mine heritage and cup of bliss
Is only Mine own glorious God:
Thou wilt maintain My lot in peace,
Fall'n in a sweet and sure abode.

PART II.

My lines are fall'n in pleasant fields,
My portion fair to me;
I bless the lore My Maker yields,
Thy chastening, kind decree;

The chastening of My reins all night;
I set the Lord of all
Before Me ever; on My right
He stands; I may not fall.

For this, My heart is glad and blest,
My glory shall rejoice;
Yea, even My flesh in hope shall rest,
For Thou wilt crown Thy choice:

Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell,
Thine Holy One give o'er

To see corruption: Thou wilt tell
The way to Life's calm shore:

Wilt shew Me fulness of delight,
Thy glorious, open face;
At Thy right hand for ever bright
All bounty, bliss, and grace.

PSALM XVII.

Lord, hear the right, unseal Thine Ear,
Attend my mournful lay,
The prayer that from no feigned lips
I pour in evil day.

My sentence shall from Thee proceed,
Whose eyes see all things true,
Thou nightly Searcher of my heart,
Watcher of all I do.

As gold Thou triest me in the fire,
And Thou shalt find no wrong,
Nor shall my mouth transgress or mar
My mind and purpose strong.

Proud deeds of man, I mark'd them all,—
At warnings breath'd of Thee

I mark'd and shunn'd them: paths they were
Of robbers, Lord, to me.

My goings in Thy ways uphold,
My yet unwavering feet!
'Twas I that call'd Thee, Lord: I knew
Thy grace my prayer would meet.

Lord, bow Thine ear, my plea receive,
Thy deeps of love display,
Thou Saviour of confiding hearts
From scorners of Thy sway.

From rebels, by Thy strong right arm,
Preserve me, King of kings;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
O'ershade me with Thy wings.

Hide me from cruel spoilers, hide
From souls on fire with hate,
Who gird me, wrapt in brawny strength,
With threatening voice elate.

Even now, no step of mine, but they
Are waiting close around,
Their eyes they order, every glance,
To bow me to the ground.

Their likeness is as lion fell,
Athirst to rend and tear,
Or weaned lion couching deep
Within the shadiest lair.

Up, disappoint their evil eye,
Bow down and lay them low,
Do Thou, Thy sword, from that ill power
Redeem, and let me go.

Thy hand from men my rescue be,
From mortal men, O Lord,
From this poor world, that hath in life
Its portion and reward:

Whose pittance of Thy treasures here
Already fills their heart;
Their children of the same are full,
And leave their babes a part.

Be mine in holiness to see
Thy face for ever bright,
Awakening in Thine image find
All fulness of delight.

PSALM XVIII.

PART I.

Thee will I love, O Lord, My might,
Thee, Lord, My tower and strong abode,
On Him I lean, My sheltering height,
My sure Deliverer and My God.

My shield of power, the horn of all
My saving health, My refuge tried;
With words of praise on God I call,
And o'er My foes on high abide!

About Me cords of death were bound,
And scaring floods of sin burst o'er:
The cords of Hell were drawn around,
The snares of death were strewn before.

In anguish on the Lord I cry,
I call My God, and He will hear
From His dread shrine: His place on high
My prayer finds out, and meets His ear.

PART II.

Earth reel'd and heav'd; each mountain base
In fear and dread commotion;
For He was wroth; they reel'd apace,
They reel'd like waves in ocean:
Out of His nostrils went a smoke,
Fire from His mouth consuming broke;
Before Him coals were kindled.

He bow'd the Heavens; the Lord came down,
Deep night His pathway covering,
On cherubs wafted He hath flown,
On wings of wind far hovering;
The dark His hiding-place He made,
Dark waters round, His curtain shade,
Dim air in darksome pillars.

Before Him, for the flashing light,
The deep dark clouds have parted,
And bolts of hail go forth, and bright
And burning brands are darted.
And thunder'd in His heaven the Lord,
His voice afar th' Almighty pour'd,
Sharp hail, and firebrands glowing.

His shafts are sped, His lightnings shower ;
They fly, they melt before Him ;
The water-springs were seen that hour,
Wide open to adore Him.
The round world riven, her roots lay bare,
At one rough word of Thine, one air,
O Lord, of Thy stern breathing.

He reach'd from Heaven, He held Me fast,
From waters wild withdrew Me,
From foes that mightiest o'er Me past,
With keenest hate pursue Me,
He won Me safe: their pride and power
Outran Me in My dim, dark hour—
The Lord was Mine upholder.

PART III.

He brought Me where is ample room,
He freed Me, for He held Me dear ;
As I am just, He deals My doom,
Repays Me, for Mine hands are clear.

For I have kept the Lord's true way,
Nor from My God rebellious flown,
Mine eye on all His words I stay,
Nor ever bid His laws begone.

Pure with My God, and whole to prove,
I shun Mine own, Mine haunting sin,
And He My truth repays in love,
Even as He saw Mine hands were clean.

Thou to the holy blameless kind,
Most blameless, Lord, most holy art,
Pure art Thou to the pure in mind,
And froward to the wilful heart.

'Tis Thine to save th' afflicted race,
Thine, to abase the haughty sight;
Thou light'st My lamp: the Lord's high grace
Will turn My gloom to glorious light.

PART IV.

Though banded foemen throng around,
I will break through by Thee;
And overleap the fortress mound
By God's high Power in Me.

Our God, how perfect is His way,
His word is tried in fire,
A shield to all that on Him stay
Their trusting heart entire.

For who is God but Israel's Light?
A Rock; but our true God?
Who girds Me with a warrior's might,
And guides Me with His rod,

Guides Me along the perfect way,
And frames My feet as light
As mountain hind, serene to stay
Upon My dizzy height.

'Tis He that for the battle blow
My hands shall train and mould,
Mine arms shall bend a brazen bow
With a strong warrior's hold.

And Thou hast given Me for a shield
Thine own, Thy saving health;
Thy sure right arm My stay will yield,
Thy gentle grace, My wealth.

By Thee in ample room I tread,
My step is firm and free,
I speed Me where My foes have fled,
And win the race, by Thee.

I turn not, till their might is o'er,
I dash them on the ground,

And there they lie, to rise no more,
Beneath Me there lie bound.

PART IV.

Thou hast girt Me for the fight,
Girt Me with victorious might,
Low beneath Me bent and bow'd
Every knee of rebel proud.
Every foeman's back by Thee
Foul with shame and flight I see;
Haters of My name and sway,
Lo, I rend them clean away.

Loud they cry, and none relieves;
Call the Lord—no sign He gives:
Even as dust their might I trod,
Pour'd them on the winds abroad;
Even as mire beside the way,
Forth I swept them as they lay:
Freed from strivings of Mine own,
O'er the heathen towers My throne.

Crown'd by Thee, before Me now
Realms I never own'd must bow,
Listening serve Me, serve in fear
At the hearing of the ear;

Sons of aliens at My feet
Me with slaves' obedience greet;
Sons of aliens, fast they fade,
Low they creep from lurking shade.

God all-glorious lives, and blest
Is My Rock of saving rest;
O'er all praises high and chief
Towers the Lord of My relief,
Even Mine own avenging God,
Guiding realms beneath My rod;
Thou from foes hast won My life,
Bear'st Me high o'er battle-strife.

Thou wilt save when wrong is near:
Then let all the Gentiles hear,
While I praise Thee, Lord, and frame
Hymns to Thy victorious Name,
Who doth high deliverance bring
To His own anointed King,
Who doth grace on David pour,
And his seed, for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

The heav'ns are telling high and wide
The glory of the Lord,
The firmament and deeps of air
His handy-work record.

Day speaks to day—a gushing fount
Of praise that cannot fail:—
Day unto day, and night to night,
Tells out the wondrous tale.

No sound, no converse; all unheard
The solemn voice they send:
Their line goes out o'er all the earth,
Their words to the world's end.

In them the Lord made for the Sun
A tent and home on high,
Who like a bridegroom quits his bower
To tread the morning sky,

Like champion glad to run his course,
Comes forth from Heav'n's far side,
And o'er Heav'n's bound his circuit takes:
Nought from his heat may hide.

God's law is perfect and entire
To win the wandering mind;
God's witness is for ever sure
To teach the simple kind;

God's rules are even, clear, and straight,
Rejoicing all the heart;
And God's command is pure, and light
O'er eye and soul will dart.

The fear of God is undefil'd,
Enduring evermore;
God's judgments are the very Truth,
All good in endless store;

Than gold more precious, heaped gold,
That needs no fire's assay;
The honey and the honeycomb
Are not so sweet as they.

By these Thy servant owns the light,
And but to keep them all
Is great reward:—but who can tell
His wanderings and his fall?

O cleanse me from my secret faults;
Mine only Lord Thou art:—

Withdraw me from the haughty world,
That would enthral my heart.

So stainless in my Maker's sight
And whole may I appear,
From all my deep and deadly sin
For ever wash'd and clear:

So may the musings of my heart
And every breathed word
Accepted rise to Thee, my Rock,
And my redeeming Lord.

PSALM XX.

" The Lord look down in evil hour,
" When thou dost pray: thy fort and tower
" Be the great Name of Israel's God;
" He send thee, from His holy place,
" His aid, and stay thee with His grace
" From Sion, His own dear abode;

" In His remembrance ever pure
" Bid every gift of thine endure,
" His fire upon thine altar dart,

" Thy counsel to the end fulfil,
" And grant thee, by His glorious will,
" According to thy faithful heart.

Lo, Thy salvations, Lord, we praise,
Our banners to the light we raise,
O Lord our God, in Thy great Name.
Each prayer of thine the Lord will crown.
" Now have I known how He came down,
" To save His own Anointed came.

" He hears him from His holy heaven,
" High deeds for answer He hath given,
" Redemption by His own right arm:
" On horsemen these, and those on car,
" We on the Lord our God in war
" Will call—the Lord, our cry and charm.

" They are bow'd down, and low they lie,
" But we are risen and stand on high,
" We count our ranks and all are there."
God of our fathers, spread Thy wing:
The God who deigns to be our King
Around us wait in hour of prayer.

PSALM XXI.

The King rejoices in Thy might,
In Thy relief how glad is He!
Thou gav'st Him all His heart's delight,
His lips' desire is heard by Thee.

With gifts of perfect goodness, Lord,
Thou wilt outrun His prayer and vow,
The purest of Thy gold afford
A crown for His victorious brow.

He ask'd Thee life, and life He won,
Long days and years for evermore;
Great is His fame, Thy sav'd, Thine own,
Thy glorious beauty robes Him o'er.

All blessings in His name to flow
Thou hast ordain'd as years advance,
And kindled in His heart the glow,
The joy of Thine unclouded glance.

Our King, on God will He repose,
Nor swerves He, by the Lord's high grace;
Thine arm shall reach o'er all Thy foes,
Thy right arm find the froward race.

As fire beneath a cauldron stor'd,
Thou keep'st them for Thy wrathful hour:
Then in His anger shall the Lord
O'erflow them, and the fire devour.

Thou from the earth their fruit wilt tear,
Their seed from mortal men: for they
Against Thee spread th' unholy snare,
They dream'd of guile, they find no way.

Thou turn'st—they fly: against their face
The strings are set of Thy keen bow.
Exalt Thee, Lord, by Thy dread grace;
We with high Psalms Thy power will shew.

PSALM XXII.

My God, My God, why hast Thou Me
Forsaken? why from My relief
So far, in My sad agony?
Far from My cry of deepening grief?

My God, I cry aloud all day,
I cry, and Thou abid'st apart,
And all the night to Thee I pray,
And no sweet silence in My heart.

O calm and holy, sitting high
Amid the praises of Thine own,
Our fathers did on Thee rely,
Relied and were not overthrown.

They call'd Thee and Thine aid came forth,
They trusted Thee and found no shame:—
But I am but a worm of earth;
"A worm, and no man," is My name.

A very scorn of meanest men,
An outcast from My realm and race;
All eye Me with unpitying ken,
And mock My falterings to My face.

They part the lip, they shake the head;
"Now lean on God and let Him save;
"The man He loves is sore bestead;
"'Tis time to win Him from the grave."

Thou from the womb did'st set Me free:
When on My mother's breasts I hung,
My trusting heart was all of Thee,
A foundling in Thy kind arms flung;

Flung from the birth, to live or die;
My God, from Mine own mother's womb!

O go not far, for grief is nigh,
And none at hand to stay My doom.

Fierce mountain bulls about Me throng,
Their circle Bashan's mightiest bend;
No lion's jaw so keen and strong,
They gape on Me, to roar and rend.

Like water I am pour'd away,
My bones are falling all apart,
Like wax before the wasting ray,
I feel within My melting heart.

My strength is like a potsherd dry,
My tongue and gums together cleave,
Low in the dust of death I lie,
Thou lay'st Me there, and there wilt leave.

Dogs are around; the godless crew
Are waiting close on Me to fall;
My hands and feet are pierced through,
My bones stand out, I count them all.

They watch Me near, watch open-ey'd,
On Me their gaze is fixed fast,
Spoils of My raiment they divide,
And lots upon My vesture cast.

Then go not far, My Strength, My Lord,
Speed to Mine aid and take no breath,
My soul to rescue from the sword,
Mine orphan'd one from hounds of death.

Preserve Me from the lion's jaws—
Thou hear'st Me as I lie forlorn,
Thy mercy hears, and overawes
The terrors of the wild bull's horn.

From Me My brethren hear Thy name,
High in the Church I hymn Thy praise:
Who fear the Lord, make haste and frame
For Me your loud thanksgiving lays.

Ye seed of Jacob, one and all
Give glory to th' Almighty Lord:
Ye seed of Israel, trembling fall
Before His feet, our own ador'd.

For lowly men in low estate
Our God did never loathe or scorn,
Nor hid Him from the desolate,
But pities when He hears Him mourn.

Now in the great and holy choir
Praise of Thine own to Thee I bring,

And pay My vows with true desire
In sight of all who fear My King.

Now hungry souls are fill'd with bread;
Who seek the Lord, all joyance find:
" Live evermore," to them is said,
" Live on, true heart, and loyal mind."

Now let all corners of the earth
Remember and return to God,
And Gentiles of remotest birth
Bow down to His resistless rod.

For His the Kingdom: far and wide
O'er heathen lands His empire lies:
Earth's minions in their height of pride
Fall down and taste His sacrifice.

Both rich, and they that lowly fall,
And low in dust and ashes creep,
Must bow the knee to Him—even all
That know not how their life to keep.

Their seed shall serve Him, number'd o'er,
To the next age, and nam'd His own;
They come and tell His righteous lore
To each new race, " This God hath done."

PSALM XXIII.

My Shepherd is the Lord; I know
No care or craving need:
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead:

He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
Even for His Name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of Death
My dreary way I take?

I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

The earth is all the Lord's, with all
Her fulness and her store,
The Sovereign He of this round world,
And all that range it o'er.

For He hath bas'd her deep and strong
On seas that heave and flow;
The Lord hath built the solid earth
On weltering floods below.

Who shall ascend the mount of God?
Who fearless rise on high,
And stand in the most holy place
Beneath th' all-seeing Eye?

The pure of hand, the stainless heart,
Which no ill dreams defile,
The soul not lifted up in lies,
The tongue unsworn in guile.

He in the blessing of the Lord
Shall ask and have his part,
The God of all salvation pour
True goodness in his heart:

These are the tribe and lineage true
To seek and search Thee well,
The seekers of Thy glorious face,
Thy chosen Israel.

" Ye gates, lift up your heads, ye doors
" Eternal, lift on high;
" The King of Glory would come in,
" Come in triumphantly!"

" Who is the King of Glory? tell."—
" The Strong and Mighty Lord,
" The Mighty Lord in battle strong,
" And trial of the sword.

" Ye gates, lift up your heads, ye doors
" Eternal, lift on high;
" The King of Glory would come in,
" Come in triumphantly!"

" Who is the King of Glory? tell."—
" The Lord of Hosts is He:

" He first, He last, He without end
" Shall King of Glory be."

PSALM XXV.

I lift my heart to Thee,
Thou, Lord, of Israel nam'd;
A God of hope art Thou to me,
O leave me not asham'd.

Let scorners, Lord, no more
Have glorying in my grief:—
Nay, none are sham'd who Thee adore,
And wait Thy sure relief.

The shame for you be stor'd,
Ye plotters, false and vain:—
Come, teach me all Thy paths, O Lord,
Thy courses shew me plain.

Direct my wavering heart,
And guide, Thine own true way:
The God of my relief Thou art,
On Thee I wait all day.

The yearnings of Thy love,
The thoughts so sweet and kind,
That evermore have dwelt above
With Thee, recal to mind;

Remember these, O Lord,
And not mine erring youth,
Nor all my sins: my life record
In pity and in ruth.

Hear, Lord, for Thou art good:—
The Lord is good and right,
Else how, with His kind lore imbu'd,
Should sinners find the light?

'Tis He the meek in heart
To judgment will inure,
Deep knowledge in His ways impart
To spirits meek and poor.

All paths of God the Lord
Mere truth and mercy prove,
To souls that keep His law and word,
The covenant of His love.

Now for Thy holy Name
Wilt Thou forgive and spare?

Lord, pardon! for my sin and blame
Is more than I can bear.

Who fears Jehovah's might?
Thou mark'st him out Thy way,
His soul shall dwell at ease all night,
The earth his seed obey.

The secret of the Lord
Is theirs who serve in fear,
The covenant of His holy word
To give them wisdom clear.

On God my wistful eye
For evermore I set,
Till freed by Him, my feet spring high
Out of th' ensnaring net.

And Thou look down on me,
Indulgent hear my moan,
An orphan clinging at Thy knee,
Dejected and alone.

My sorrowing heart swells high:—
My soul from anguish win,
My travail mark and agony,
And bear with all my sin.

Consider, see my foes,
How many, Lord, how strong:
How with fierce hate they me inclose,
With hate and guile and wrong.

My soul's unsleeping Guard
And Saviour deign to be:—
I may not sink in shame, O Lord,
My shelter is in Thee.

Truth be my guard, and right,
Awaiting Thee so long:
Redeem Thine Israel, Lord of might,
From all his woe and wrong.

PSALM XXVI.

Lord, be my Judge, for I have trod
Mine own true simple way,
Have cast my care upon my God,
With Him unswerving stay.

My foot is firm: Almighty, prove
And search me; try with fire
My reins and heart: I watch Thy love
With eye of deep desire.

I watch Thy love, and walk Thy way,
Thy way so clear and bright,
Nor with the false sit down, nor stray
With haters of the light.

I sicken at th' unholy bands,
With rebels am not found,
In innocence I wash my hands
To go my solemn round;

Around Thine altar, Lord, to go
With tones that rise and fall
In full melodious praise, and shew
Thy wonders each and all.

The house and home Thou countest Thine,
The tent where Thou dost dwell,
And spread Thy glory for a shrine,—
I love it, Lord, full well.

O glean not up my soul among
The scorners of Thy way,
My life amid the murderous throng,
In Thy great harvest-day:

Whose hands are fill'd with deeds of guile,
Their right hands strong and bold,

To grasp a bribe: my way the while
In peace and truth I hold.

Redeem me, love me, Lord!—'tis done;
I stand in even ways,
High in Thy Courts my place is won,
I sing Jehovah's praise.

PSALM XXVII.

PART I.

The Lord is all my light and health:
At whom need I to start?
The Lord, my life's strong hold and stay:
Who can appal my heart?

When wicked men came on me, came
Th' oppressor and keen foe
To swallow me alive, that hour
They stumbled and lay low.

Against me tho' a camp were set,
My heart is not afraid;
Tho' war swell high, 'tis here I trust,
'Tis here I lean for aid.

I of the Lord one boon have ask'd,
For one on Thee I'll wait,
The days of all my life to dwell
Within Jehovah's gate,

And with the eyes of all my heart,
Devoutly there to view
The glorious beauty of the Lord,
And search His temple through.

For in His bower He treasures me
In evil days and dark,
And hides me in the secret place
Of His eternal Ark.

He lifts me high upon a rock:
My drooping head, this hour,
O'er every foe on every side
Is lifted high in power.

Therefore to His pavilion door
No silent vows I bring;
Full cheerly, to th' adored Name,
My psalm and psaltery ring.

PART II.

Hear, Lord, my prayer; I call and cry;
Regard me, Father, and reply:
My heart in silence talk'd with Thee:
Thou spak'st to all, Thou spak'st to me,
"Seek ye My Face:" I caught the word,
And, lo, I seek Thy Face, O Lord.

And turn not Thou Thy Face away,
Nor hide Thine eyes from mine, I pray,
Nor cast, in ire, Thy servant by:
Of old Thou art mine aid on high:
O leave me not to wander wild,
Nor let my God forsake His child.

God of my health! when father dear
And mother left me, Thou wast near,
To fold me with Thy gathering arm;
O guide me straight now foes alarm:
Teach me Thy paths, the paths of right,
Nor yield me to th' avenger's spite.

On me they rise—the perjur'd throng,
The lips that breathe out cruel wrong.—

What if no Faith were mine, to see
Thy love in realms where Life shall be?—
But wait on God, be bold: His power
Thy heart will cheer: but wait His hour.

PSALM XXVIII.

O Lord, my Rock, on Thee I cry,
And close not Thou Thine Ear,
Lest if in silence, where I lie,
Thou pass, nor seem to hear,
Thy servant find his place and doom
With outcasts in the tomb.

The voice of my sad yearnings mark,
When unto Thee I gasp,
When tow'rd Thy shrine and holy ark
Mine eager hands I clasp:—
O drag me not in Thy stern net,
With souls on evil set;

With miscreants, round them speaking peace,
And framing guile within.
Lord, give them of their work's increase,
E'en as they toil'd in sin;

Reward them as their hands have wrought,
Repay them, deed and thought.

They muse not on the work of God,
Nor His high deeds adore;
And He will strew them far abroad,
And build them up no more.
Praise to the Lord, for He receiv'd
The sigh my spirit heav'd.

The Lord, my strength and shield is He,
To Him my bosom clings,
And I am holpen;—light and free,
My heart for gladness springs.
Now with the flower of all my lays
Th' Eternal One I praise.

"God is their strength; to Him He crown'd,
"A tower of saving grace.
"O save the tribes Thy mercy found,
"And bless Thy favour'd race,
"And feed them, Lord, and lift them high
"To all eternity."

PSALM XXIX.

Bring to the Lord, ye sons of light,
Bring to the Lord all praise and might,
His Name's high glory bring aright.

Bow down and wait Jehovah's doom,
To Him in awful beauty come,
Dread beauty of His holy home.

The voice of God o'er ocean past,
The glorious God His thunder cast,
The Lord, o'er waters wild and vast.

The waters heard Jehovah's call,
His voice in glory break o'er all,
His voice afar in beauty fall.

The voice of God the cedar bends,
The Lord on Lebanon descends,
The proudest of the mountain rends.

As mountain kid He bade them leap,
Proud Lebanon, and Sirion steep,
As bounding fawn in woodland deep.

God's voice the flashing fires will cleave,
God's voice the desert hills upheave;
Lo, Kadesh mount her place shall leave;—

She feels the Lord:—the teeming hind
God's voice in travail-pangs shall bind,
Bare the deep glade where wild deer wind.

But in His shrine entire is He
In glory; there, undimm'd and free,
He speaks out all His Majesty.

O'er the dark flood He sate of yore,
And so shall sit, Whom we adore,
A throned King for evermore.

The nation to His mercy known
With power and might the Lord will crown:
In peace the Lord will bless His own.

PSALM XXX.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, for Thou
Hast drawn me out of thrall,
Nor o'er me lit the foe's glad brow:
Lord, Thou didst hear my call.

I cried, and Thou didst heal and raise
My soul from Hell below;
Thy quickening won me from their ways
Who to the dark grave go.

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His:
His high memorial Name,
The Name whereby He reigns in bliss,
Untir'd do ye proclaim.

Glance but an eye, His wrath is past,
Life in His pleasure dear;
'Tis woe at eve, all night to last,
At morn, melodious cheer.

For me, I said in tranquil hour,
"I stand for ever still;"—
Thou, Lord, in love hadst built my tower
So firm upon my hill.

Thou hid'st Thy face behind Thy cloud,
Amaz'd and lost I lie;
To Thee, O Lord, I weep aloud,
I yearn on God most high.

"What profit in my blood, if low
"Into the pit I fall?

" Can dust indeed Thy praises shew,
" Thy glorious Truth extol?

" Lord, hear, and spare me; Lord, come forth,
" My champion:"—in my day
Of mourning Thou hast given me mirth,
My sackcloth rent away;

My sackcloth torn, and girt me round
With joy, that all my best
Thy praise unwearied may resound,
My God, mine ever blest.

PSALM XXXI.

PART I.

O Lord, my hope is all in Thee,
I may not sink in endless shame;
Redeem me by Thy just decree,
Bow down and hear the prayer I frame;

Make haste and free me: be my tower,
My tower of might and strongest hold,
To save me now in fearful hour;
For Thou hast been my Rock of old;

My fortress in the lonely wild;
And for Thine own high Name and praise,
Thou lead'st me like a shepherd mild,
And guid'st me in refreshing ways.

They laid a snare along my way—
Thou lift'st me o'er, and lett'st me go—
For Thou art all my strength and stay,
My soul, mine all, on Thee I throw.

My spirit in Thy hand I trust,
Thy hand of power and love divine,
O Lord my God, supreme and just,
Thou hast redeem'd me to be Thine.

The men who hold by dreams and lies,
I cannot bear them in my sight:
Far otherwhere I turn mine eyes,
I lean on Thee, Thou God of might.

My heart is light, I spring for joy,
To think upon Thy pitying care,
For Thou hast seen my sad annoy,
Mine aching heart to Thee lies bare.

Thou leav'st me not to wear my chain,
A prisoner in th' avenger's hand:

Thou sett'st me on th' unbounded plain,
And bidd'st me free and fearless stand.

PART II.

O Lord, in anguish kind,
Have pity on my smart:
Mine eye for very grief is pin'd,
My frame and yearning heart.

My life is waxed old
With travail sad and sore,
In sighing all my years are told,
My strength is spent and o'er;

'Tis over, for my sin:
My bones are worn away,
I for my many foes have been
A scorn and strife all day,

But to my neighbours most,
To each familiar eye
A horror: when my path they cross'd,
They glanc'd and fleeted by.

Forgotten as the dead,
And out of mind I lay,
A vessel marr'd, a potter's shred,
Despis'd and thrown away.

Around me far and wide
I heard rebuke and wrong,
A scaring sound on every side,—
On me, on me they throng.

They mus'd my life to take:
And I—my sure abode
And rest with Thee, O Lord, I make;
I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in Thy hand;
Redeem me from my foes,
And stay the hot pursuing band,
That would my soul enclose.

Be Thine all-glorious face
Unto Thy servant shewn;
Lord, save me by Thy pitying grace;
My voice to Thee is known.

No shame on me may fall,
For I Thy mercy crave:

The lawless heart let shame appal,
And silence of the grave.

Ye lying lips be still,
That in all scorn and spite
Speak fiercely out your ruthless will
On him who holds the right.

PART III.

O plenteous is Thy treasur'd love
For all that fear aright;
Thy mercy wrought for trusting hearts
Even in our mortal sight.

From dark and writhed ways of earth
Thou bear'st them up on high,
And hid'st them in the secret joy
Of Thy sweet cordial Eye.

Thou find'st them out a sheltering tent
Amid the strife of tongues.
Then blessed be Thy glorious Name,
Thou Lord of all my songs.

For wondrously in His high love
The Lord with me hath dealt;
With me amid besetting foes
He in my fortress dwelt.

I said in my wild hurrying heart,
" A withered branch am I,
" Cut off and cast, where light is none
" Of Thy preserving Eye."

But Thou didst hear my wistful voice,
To Thee I breathe my song.
O love the Lord, all ye His saints!
Who stay them and are strong,

The Lord will keep; the proud repay
Full measure in their pride.
Be strong, and make your spirit sure,
Who in the Lord abide.

PSALM XXXII.

How blest, whose sin is all forgiven,
Whose guilt is veiled o'er!
How blest the man, whom God in Heaven
A rebel counts no more!

The spirit where no guile is known!—
In silence long I lay,
My bones all day with inward moan
Consum'd and worn away.

Thy heavy hand lay sad and sore
Upon me day and night,
In drought of summer spent and o'er
Mine early dew so bright.

Then would I speak to Thee my sin,
Mine ill I durst not hide:
"My God shall hear what I have been,"
"I will own all," I cried.

Far off thy pardoning mercy bare
The stain of all my crime:
For this each saint shall breathe his prayer
To Thee in happy time.

He prays in Heaven's accepted hour:—
Who wait till floods are high,
Till stormy waters round them pour,
To Him may ne'er come nigh.

A sheltering home art Thou to me,
Thou keep'st me safe from woe,

Thou fill'st with songs of liberty
The glad air as I go.

" Now will I teach thee, now declare
" The path for thee to try;
" With counsel guide thee, and with care,
" And on thee rest Mine eye.

" Why should ye swerve like horse or mule
" Who know not God is by,
" Whose mouths the curb and rein must rule,
" Else ne'er will they come nigh?

" Stripes are the portion of th' unjust,
" Full measure, woe and wounds:
" But him that makes the Lord his trust,
" Eternal love surrounds."

In God the Lord be bright with joy,
Ye righteous men rejoice:
Glad praise be every heart's employ,
That makes the Truth her choice.

PSALM XXXIII.

Joy in the Lord, ye righteous choir;
Praise for the just is meet;
With harp and lute and ten-string'd lyre
In joy to our high God aspire,
With anthems glad and sweet.

Sing a new song to God the Lord,
And fearless sweep the string,
In choral shout: the Lord's true Word,
The faithful work of our Ador'd—
Of these for ever sing.

No Truth, no Right, but He will aid,
His Love the wide earth fills:
Heaven by Jehovah's Word was made,
The Spirit of His mouth array'd
The hosts the night reveals.

The heaped billows He doth bind,
And store the deeps beneath:
Him reverence, all of earthly kind,
Before Him shrink with aweful mind,
Who on the round world breathe.

For He spake out the word; they were:
He bade, and firm they stand:
The Lord hath scatter'd wide in air
The heathen's counsel, many a care
Hath marr'd in many a land.

God's counsel holds eternal place,
From age to following age
His thoughts of heart: O blest the race
Whose god is God, His own by grace,
His chosen heritage.

PART II.

From Heav'n look'd forth the mighty Lord,
He gaz'd o'er all the sons of man,
Out of His place and throne ador'd,
Earth's utmost dwellers He will scan.

He, one and all, their hearts can mould,
He reads them o'er, deep will and deed;
Kings are not safe by prowess bold,
No champion by strong arm is freed.

Vain dream, by horse to win or flee,
By power and might a saviour prove!
Lo, the Lord's eye the hearts can see,
That fear Him and await His love.

Their soul in mortal pangs to aid,
In hour of death their life to be:
Our spirit for our God hath staid,
Our bulwark and our shield is He.

In Him our heart is glad and bright,
For on His holy name we lean.
Thy love be o'er us, Lord, our Light,
Even as our hope in Thee hath been.

PSALM XXXIV.

No time but I will find a song
Of blessing for my God,
For ever on my grateful tongue
His praise shall make abode.

My spirit in the Lord her choice
Would shew her glad and bright,
The lowly listen and rejoice:—
Praise ye the Lord aright.

Praise Him with me; come blend on high
Our voices in His name;
I sought the Lord, and He drew nigh,
For fear, deliverance came.

On Him a wistful eye they set,
Their heart grew bright as morn,
Their suppliant gaze no answer met
Of blighting shame or scorn.

This lowly man and sore oppress'd,
He cried, and God gave ear;
Th' Almighty heard, and gave him rest
From straitening woe and fear.

There camps the Angel of the Lord,
Around the righteous kind,
The hearts that tremble at His word,
Their fetters to unbind.

O taste and see, how good and sweet
The God of our desire,
How blessed, who His mercy meet
With trusting heart entire.

Ye saints made holy to the Lord,
Fear ye the Lord alone;

Who fear Him, round their happy board
No pining care is known.

The lion's whelps are worn and pin'd,
For hunger they have sigh'd;
But seek the Lord, and thou shalt find
No hope, no joy, denied.

PART II.

Ye children come, my lore receive,
And I will teach you God's high fear.
What man is he that fain would live,
To whom long days of bliss are dear?
From words of evil seal thy tongue,
Thy lips from uttering guile and wrong;

Flee sin, be virtuous in thy deed,
Seek peace, and follow on her way.
God's eyes are on the righteous seed,
His ears are open when they pray;
His brow of wrath on sinners bent,
Even till their name from earth be rent.

There are who cried, and God gave ear,
And won them safe from all their woe.

The Lord to broken hearts is near,
His health the wounded spirits know.
Deep woes upon the righteous fall,
The Lord redeems him out of all.

He keeps and numbers o'er his bones,
Not one is broken: evils chase
And slay the wicked; none atones
For haters of the holy race;
His servants' souls the Lord hath won:
Who trust in Him, their guilt is gone.

PSALM XXXV.

PART I.

Plead Thou my right, O Lord, with those
Who for mine evil plead;
Stand forth the foe of all my foes,
Now in mine hour of need.

Gripe fast the shield, the target rear,
Arise, and be mine aid,
And by Thy bar'd and glittering spear
Be my pursuers stay'd.

Say to my soul, "Thine health am I."
Shame be their lot, and scorn,
Who seek my life; abash'd to fly,
Fly cowering and forlorn.

Who dream some ill, as chaff be they
A rushing blast before,
God's Angel scattering them away,
Hurl'd rudely o'er and o'er.

Their way be darkness, tottering here
And there in dreary mire,
God's Angel following ever near,
In chase that cannot tire:

Who causeless hid where I must go
Their pitfall and their net,
Snares without cause full deep and low
Against my soul have set.

Come, power destroying, ere he know:
The snare he darkly made
Entwine him: in his own wild woe
Behold him helpless laid.

Thee, Lord, my soul exulting owns,
Bright in Thy saving ray.

" Lord, who is like to Thee?" my bones
And aching heart shall say;

" Deliverer of the weak and low
" From overbearing might,
" The weak and needy from the foe
" Who spoils them in despite."

PART II.

Lips forsworn arise, reclaiming
Spoils wherein I knew no part,
Evil for my bounty framing,
Desolation to my heart.

Yet my soul in fasts did languish,
Mourn'd in sackcloth for their pain.—
Now the pray'r that sooth'd their anguish
On my bosom lights again.

As for mine own friend or brother,
Low I pin'd, and softly went;
As one mourning for his mother,
Heavily I droop'd and bent.

Pleas'd they saw me halt and tremble,
Gathering, to affright my peace;
They who smite by stealth assemble,
Rend and crush, and will not cease.

Tongues profane, inur'd to scorning,
Men that scoff for pleasant bread,—
There they flock'd, and gave no warning,
Gnash'd their teeth where I was laid.

Lord, how long behold at leisure?
O from their wide-wasting ill
Win my soul, redeem my treasure
From th' unchained lion's will.

So to throng'd and solemn meetings
Thy great Name will I rehearse;
Mighty realms shall hear my greetings,
Praising Thee with voice and verse.

PART III.

Why should I be their joy
Who reckless on me rise?
Who causeless would my soul annoy,
Why should they wink their eyes?

For peace they never speak,
But wiles in silence plann'd,
And fraudful words, against the meek
And quiet of the land.

Their mouths they open'd keen,
" Aha!" they cry and call,
" Aha! our eye hath watch'd and seen"—
Lord, Thou hast seen it all.

Now therefore silence break,
Nor pass me distant by,
Lord, in my right arise, awake,
Come plead for me, Most High.

As Thou art just and true,
My sentence, Lord, decree:
Why to the proud relentless crew
A triumph should I be?

Why say they, fierce in thought,
" Aha! our will is won?"
Why should they cry, " Behold him caught,
" Clean swallow'd up and gone?"

Scorn be their lot and shame,
Who my sad heart deride,

And clothe them with rebuke and blame
Who o'er me tower in pride.

Sing they for joyous cheer
Who favour my true way:
" Glory to God, who holds so dear
" His servant's peace," they say;

They sing for evermore:
Nor tires my loyal tongue,
Praise to Thy Truth low-warbling o'er,
Thy glories all day long.

PSALM XXXVI.

PART I.

The sinner's crime in silence cries,—
Dread Voice, my heart within—
" No fear of God before his eyes"—
He soothes him in his sin:

He smooths it o'er in sight of God;
So may his ways of wrong
Be found, be hated; wile and fraud
Are ever on his tongue.

His wise good thoughts are past away,
Guilt on his bed he dreams,
On paths accurst he finds his stay,
No evil loathsome deems.

PART II.

Thy mercy, Lord, high Heavens hath past,
Thy faith, the clouds' aerial steep,
Like hills of God Thy truths stand fast,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thou, Lord, both man and beast wilt heal,
How precious, Lord, is Thy dear love!
With trusting heart may mortals feel
Thy pinions o'er them gently move:

Fill'd with the fragrance of Thy shrine,
Their drink, the rill of joy from Thee.—
Thou hast the well of Life divine,
We, in Thy Light, true Light shall see.

To souls that know Thee, Lord, Thy care,
Thy faith to sound true hearts prolong.
Me may no foot of pride o'erbear,
Nor hurl me down the grasp of wrong.

There fallen lie they, fall'n away,
Wrong doers all, th' unholy train,
For ever from their place and stay
Thrust down, no hope to rise again!

PSALM XXXVII.

PART I.

Why fret thee with th' ungodly? why
At evil-doers pine?
Who like the grass are mown away,
Like the green herb decline.

Trust in the Lord, and do thou good;
As shepherd in his tent,
Dwell in the land, and feed on truth,
Resign'd and innocent.

Make God thy joy, and He will give
Whate'er thy bosom warms;
Lean on the Lord with all thy weight,
Trust Him, for He performs.

Even now He bids thy righteousness
Break forth as morning light,
Thy justice like the noon-day heaven:
But still thee in His sight.

Be silent to the Lord thy God,
His way in patience mark ;
But grieve not at the prosperous man,
The man of counsels dark.

Leave off from wrath, let anger go,
All fretting thought allay ;—
'Tis an ill seed ;—look on and see
Th' ungodly hewn away :

Behold him wither'd evermore !
But they who meekly stand
And wait on God, to them is seal'd
Their portion in the land.

For yet a little while, and lo !
Th' ungodly is no more.
" Where is he now ?" thine heart shall muse,
But he is spent and o'er.

The while the meek inherit earth,
And men of lowly mind
In fulness of enduring peace
Their perfect solace find.

PART II.

Th' unholy on the just will breathe
The breath of darksome wiles,
And gnash upon him with his teeth—
The Lord looks on and smiles:
The Lord shall scorn him, for His eye
Hath seen his way—'tis sure, 'tis nigh.

Th' unholy men have bar'd the sword,
Have bent the bow, to cast
The poor and needy down, to slay
Th' unsinning, as he past:—
Their sword shall pierce their own false heart,
Their levell'd bow in sunder start.

A little to the good is more
Than heaps by thousands told
Of sinners, all their restless store
And troublous world of gold:
Soon broken fall the arms of wrong,
But He who props the good is strong.

The days of blameless men are sure,
Known to the Lord our God;

By Him for ever shall endure
Their portion and abode:
They need not shrink in time of ill,
In days of dearth they have their fill.

But ruin on th' unjust is dealt,
The foes of God decay
As fat of lambs,—in air they melt,
In smoke they melt away:
On love the righteous spends his store;
These borrow and repay no more.

Whom God hath bless'd, the earth is theirs:
Th' accurst of Him, must die:
The man whose way the Lord prepares,—
To him His love is nigh.
He falls, but not to ruin cast,
Th' Almighty holds his hand so fast.

Young have I been, now grey am grown,
But ne'er saw good man laid
Forsaken, nor his seed have known
A wanderer asking bread:
All day he loves, doth good, and lends,
A blessing with his seed descends.

PART III.

Depart from evil, and do good,
And dwell for ever: for the Lord
Holds dear the right: His holy brood,—
He ne'er forsook them nor abhorr'd.

For ever treasur'd safe are they,
The while the sinner's branch is spent:
The just, the world divide and sway,
There plant at ease th' enduring tent.

The good man's life of wisdom tells,
His tongue all truth and judgment guide:
God's law within him deeply dwells,
No step of his shall swerve or slide.

The sinner on his secret stand
The just would mark, athirst to slay:
God will not leave him in his hand,
Nor in his judgment cast away.

Wait on the Lord, His way to keep;
High in His love, thy place shall be,
Thine harvest in His land to reap;
When sinners fall, thine eye shall see.

I saw th' unjust with towering plume,
A green tree in his native ground:
But he is gone; behold his room:
I sought, and he no more was found:

Keep the pure way; right onward gaze,
For Peace is in the latter end,
And Ruin heaps the wilful ways,
Sharp final woe th' unjust shall rend:

But the salvation of the just
Is only from the Lord our God,
Their tower of refuge and of trust,
When fear and anguish are abroad.

Then is th' Almighty Lord their aid,
To win them from th' unholy crew,
To win and save them; for they staid
Their hearts on Him, they own'd Him true.

PSALM XXXVIII.

PART I.

Lord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in Thy fury brand,
For deep in me Thine arrows go,
And heavy lies Thy hand.

No soundness in my tottering frame,
So sharp Thine ire has been;
No quiet in my weary bones,
By reason of my sin.

My guilt hath caught me on my way,
Hath crush'd and left me there,
A heavy burden, sad and sore,
'Tis more than I can bear.

What noisome wounds! what melting sores!
My folly caus'd them all;—
In mourning guise all day I go,
I bow, I shrink, I fall.

My loins with pain and loathing fill'd,
Not one unwounded part,
All over bruis'd and chill'd, I groan
With restless heaving heart.

My longings all to Thee, O Lord,
Are open and confess'd;
My sighing is not hid from Thee,
Nor my sad heart's unrest.

It whirls, it wanders to and fro,
My strength and hope decay,
The very light of both mine eyes,
They fail me and betray.

My lovers and my neighbours stand
Aloof to eye my sore:
They stand afar, who nearest came
My heart and home before.

The hunters spread the snare, and watch
To make my soul a prey;
They search mine evil, speak me woe,
And weave me guile all day.

PART II.

And I was deaf, I turn'd no ear,
As one to deep sad silence born,
With sealed lips; I shunn'd to hear,
I found no voice to chide or warn.

But I for Thee, O Lord, have stay'd,
Thou answerest for me, Lord my Light,
"Lest they rejoice by me," I said:
My stumbling is their hope and might.

A halting, trembling part I bear,
Mine eye for ever on my grief;
My faults I own; for sin and care
I shudder like a wave or leaf.

The while my foes are quick and strong,
My wrongful haters crowd and press,
For good returning ill; they throng
To vex me, whom I sought to bless.

Thou wilt not leave me, Lord, to harm,
Thou wilt not ever wait afar;
Make haste, put forth Thine aiding arm,
My God of health, and guiding Star!

PSALM XXXIX.

PART I.

" Now will I keep my ways," I said,
" My tongue entire from ill,
" The bridle on my lips be laid,
" I see th' ungodly still."

Dumb was I then; deep silence fell
I shrank from uttering good:
But inly, like a troubled well,
Was stirr'd my bitter mood.

My heart within me glow'd; I lay
And mus'd so deep and long,
The kindling fire would find a way,
Out spake I with my tongue.

" Mine end to me, Almighty, shew,
" The days ere I must die,
" Their bound and measure; let me know
" How frail a thing am I.

" Lo, Thou hast given me few short days,
" Each one a narrow span;
" Mine age, as nought, Thine eye surveys;
" Sure vain is every man.

" Sure a dim breath that melts in air
" Are mortals in their might;
" Man walks his pageant here and there,
" As in a dream by night.

" Sure vain is all their eager din;
" He piles him more and more,
" Till gold, as mire, be round him seen,
" And knows not who shall store."

PART II.

And now, whom dare I trust, O Lord?
My longing hope with Thee is stor'd.
Clear all my sin, nor leave my name
To godless men a word of shame.

Lord, I was dumb; my lips were still,
For Thou hadst wrought it; 'twas Thy will:
Withdraw Thy rod; I cannot breathe
Thy wounding, heavy hand beneath.

Thy chastenings mar man's evil way;
Like fretting moth in sore decay
His bloom Thou meltest, worn and wan;
Alas, how frail, whate'er is man!

Hear my complaint, Thou Lord Most High,
Give ear unto my call and cry;
Nor to my tears be dumb and still,
Who at Thy feet a pilgrim kneel.

Thy stranger and Thy sojourner
Am I, as all my fathers were;
Spare yet, one gleam, my feeble sight,
Ere I depart and vanish quite.

PSALM XL.

PART I.

For Mine Almighty Lord
I waited patiently:
He bow'd, He caught th' imploring word,
And lifted Me on high;

Out of the boiling deep,
Out of the miry clay:
He fix'd My foot upon the steep,
And order'd all My way.

He to My tongue imparts
An anthem new and blest,
"Praise to our God"—a thousand hearts
Shall see, and fear, and rest.

God is their stay alone.
The man is blest indeed,
Who sets upon th' Eternal One
His hope in hour of need;

Nor ever turn'd aside
A treacherous wistful eye,
To stubborn souls that walk in pride,
And followers of a lie.

PART II.

O Lord My God, how great and high
The deeds Thine arm hath wrought:
Thy wonders o'er us ever nigh,
And all Thy deeps of thought!

Who may recount them? who array
Beneath Thine aweful eyes?
Fain would I speak them out, but they
High beyond number rise.

Thou hast not held meat-offering dear,
Nor gift of blood and flame;
But Thou hast pierc'd Thy servant's ear,
Prepar'd My willing frame.

Burnt-offering and atoning vow
No word of Thine fulfil.—
Out spake I then:—"Behold ME now,
"I come to do Thy will.

"Thy roll and record holds My doom,
"The word of Me writ down;
"My God, to do Thy will I come,
"'Tis all My joy and crown.

"Deep in My heart Thy counsels dwell,
"Thy righteousness aloud,
"Good tidings of great joy, I tell
"Amid th' adoring crowd."

PART III.

Behold, if I my lips refrain
And seal, O Lord, 'tis known to Thee;
I durst not in my bosom chain
Thine undefiled verity.

Thy saving health, Thy witness true,
Unwearied I would tell and trace;
Nor from Thy people's choir withdrew
Glad tidings of Thy Truth and Grace.

Nor Thou from me, Almighty Lord,
The yearnings of Thy love refrain;
Thy Truth and Grace in watch and ward
About me still do Thou ordain.

For ills unnumber'd urge me round;
I cannot look, my sins have won
Such hold; the hairs are fewer found
Upon my head; my heart is gone.

Lord, be content, unbar my way;
Lord, to Thy servant's aid make haste;
Sham'd and astonied all be they
Who seek my soul to mar and waste;

Back be they turn'd and bow'd with shame,
Who watch mine ill with longing eye;
Appal them with Thy worst of blame,
Who shout, Aha, where low I lie.

All joy and brightness round them wait
Who seek Thee;—be their endless lay,
"The Lord our God, His name how great!"—
Their strain who love Thy healing way.

Poor am I, wan, and lowly laid,
Yet treasur'd in th' Almighty's store;
My refuge and redeeming aid
Thou art.—O Father, wait no more.

PSALM XLI.

How bless'd the man, who wisely deems
Of Him, the fflaicted soul!
From God, in hour of evil, beams
A light to make Him whole.

The Lord will keep Him and revive,
Blessed on earth is He;
Nor to their will, who hate and strive,
His soul wilt Thou decree.

The Lord upholds Him, on the bed
Of languor laid forlorn!
Thy nursing arm hath duly spread
His painful couch at morn.

Even while I pray'd—" Thou, Lord of power,
" Forgive—my spirit heal,
" For I have sinn'd to Thee"—that hour
Ill words on me they deal.

" When will He fall, His name depart
" And die?" the scorner cries.
He comes to see Me, but his heart
Speaks falsehood, gath'ring lies.

Then issuing forth, he tells it all,
Lo! whispering many a wile
My foes are met, on Me to fall,—
On Me, devising guile.

" A word of ill on Him is pour'd,
" And ev'n as low He lies,
" So let Him waste, decay'd, abhorr'd,
" And never more arise."

Yea, ev'n My favour'd friend and dear,
My trusted one, and free

To eat My bread—'twas he came near,
He lift his heel on Me.

But Thou, Lord, spare me ; Lord, upraise,
Their evil to requite :
Now have I known Thy love ; it stays
Th' avenger's cry of might.

And I, My step is strong and sound,
I lean entire on Thee ;
Full in Thine eye, Thy love hath found
The home where I should be.

Now blessed be th' Almighty Lord,
Who watcheth Israel o'er ;
Jehovah—be His Name ador'd,
And bless'd for evermore.

PSALM XLII.

As hart pants high for gushing rills,
So pants my soul, O God, to Thee :
Deep eager thirst my bosom fills
With God, the living God, to be.
When shall I dare again draw near ?
When in th' Almighty's sight appear ?

Tears are my bread both night and day,
Long weary days and nights of care,
While hourly to my soul they say,
Where now thy God? thy Champion, where?
Thus count I mournful thoughts apart,
Thus on myself I pour my heart.

For I would pass th' o'ershading veil,
The curtain of the Lord's abode,
Their way with soothing welcomes hail
Who seek the portal of my God,
With voice of joy and thankful song,
With tumult of a festal throng.

My soul, why bow'd and drooping go?
Why restless o'er me moan and cry?
Wait on the Lord: even yet I know
My songs shall own His guardian eye.—
My God—around me cower and shrink
My fearful thoughts—behold I sink.

PART II.

Therefore to Thee I musing turn
From where I rove on Jordan's shore,
And from mine own low hill discern
The bright'ning ridge of Hermon hoar.

Deep calls on wak'ning deep, at sound
Of Thy dark wat'ry pillars; all
Thy wild sea-waves are gath'ring round,
Thy breakers o'er me burst and fall.

Yet God in daily station set
His watchful love; His melody
Comes nightly near; it haunts me yet,
God of my life, my prayer to Thee.

I to the Lord will say, My Rock,
Why hast Thou cast me out of mind?
Why go I mourning, for the flock
Of scorners to bear down and bind?

They wound, they bruise me to the bone,
With spite and scorn around me close—
"Where is thy God? for ever gone?"
So cry all day my thronging foes.

Yet wherefore droop, my heart, and why
So restless o'er me moan and fret?
Trust God:—th' Enlight'ner of mine eye,
Mine own true God, I praise Him yet.

PSALM XLIII.

Judge me, and plead my cause, O God,
Against th' unpitying kind;
Redeem me from the heart of fraud,
The faithless, lawless mind.

The God of my strong hold art Thou,
Why hast Thou cast me off?
Why walk I still with mourning brow,
While foemen crush and scoff?

O send from Heaven Thy truth and light,
And they shall lead me—they
Shall bring me to Thy holy height,
The tents of Thine array.

So to God's altar my due feet
Th' unerring path may find:
My God, my Joy when visions sweet
Thrill keenest o'er my mind!

So with my lyre Thy praise shall blend,
O God, mine own true God!—
Ah why, my soul, so lowly bend,
So hopeless 'neath the rod?

Why restless o'er me moan and fret?
His time do thou abide:
Light of mine eyes, I praise Him yet,
Mine only God and Guide.

PSALM XLIV.

PART I.

Our ears have heard, our fathers told,
Wrought in their days, the days of old,
The work of Thine Almighty hand:
Thou, even Thine arm, to plant them in,
Drave nations out,—their way to win,
Thy bolts were hurl'd on many a land.

For by no sword of theirs they won
The fated region for their own,
Their arm no power of rescue found;
But Thy right hand, Thine arm of grace,
The light of Thine all-glorious face,
Thine eye of welcome beaming round.

Art Thou not He, my King, O God?
Now send Thy saving powers abroad
For Israel's sake—let all be there—

By Thee our foes are downward borne,
With trampling hoof and butting horn
Th' opposers in Thy Name we scare.

Not in my bow I trust for aid,
Nor save me by mine own keen blade;
Thou from the war canst save alone.
Our foes by Thee are sham'd and cross'd;
In God all day we make our boast,
Thine arm with endless praises own.

PART II.

Nay, Thou hast given us o'er
To loathing and to scorn,
Thou with our hosts will go no more,
And we are backward borne.

We fly before the foe,
Our haters take the prey,
As victims to a feast we go—
Thou turn'st Thine eyes away.

'Mid heathens far and wide
Thou fann'st Thy people, sold
For nought—no buyer hears Thee chide,
Thou tak'st no gain of gold.

We as a mark are set
High in our neighbour's sight,
Around us from all winds are met
All voices of despite.

The by-word of our shame
'Mid heathens Thou hast spread,
And bidd'st the nations at our name
Shake the reproachful head.

My weight of dire disgrace—
It haunts me evermore;
The deep confusion of my face
Comes daily clouding o'er.

'Tis at the scorner's cry,
The proud reviler's boast—
'Tis at the foe's relentless eye,
Th' avenger's rushing host.

PART III.

Thus have we far'd: and yet with Thee
Our loyal thoughts abide,
Nor to Thine aweful Majesty
Our oath have we belied.

No heart of ours hath backward turn'd,
No footstep lost Thy way,
Tho' to the place of dragons spurn'd
In shade of death we lay.

Disown we God? and lift our hand
High to some idol shrine?
Nay, God is there, His Eye hath scann'd;
The heart's deep folds are Thine.

All day we perish for Thy sake,
As sheep for slaughter penn'd;
Arise; why sleep'st Thou, Lord? Awake,
Nor loath us in our end.

Why hide Thy face, nor heed the woe,
And grinding wrath we bear?
Behold, our weary soul lies low
In dust of our despair.

It cleaves to earth, our wasted frame:
Arise, our aid to be;
For Thy love's sake Thy ransom'd claim,
And bid Thine own be free.

PSALM XLV.

PART I.

A good and gracious Word
My heart would breathe and sing;
I speak, even I; my tuneful chord
Is ready for my King;
My loyal tongue, in praise of Thee,
A ready writer's pen would be.

PART II.

Fair art Thou, bright and fair,
O'er mortal men, O Lord;
All perfect grace, all purest love,
Thy lips have o'er them pour'd.

Therefore of God on high
A blessing Thou hast won,
Th' Eternal Word to Thee is given;—
"Come, gird Thine armour on.

"Thou mighty Warrior, gird
"Thy sword upon Thy side,
"Thy glory, and Thy majesty:
"Ride on, in glory ride!"

Go forth in godly speed
For meekness, truth, and right;
Thine own right hand shall Thee instruct
In works of dreadful might.

Thine arrows sharp and keen
Their hearts so sore shall sting,
That they shall crouch and kneel to Thee,
'Mid all Thy foes, O King.

Thy throne, O God, is set,
For ever to remain;
A sceptre of unerring Truth
The sceptre of Thy reign.

Because Thou lov'dst the right,
And didst the wrong detest,
God, ev'n Thy God, hath pour'd on Thee
Glad oil above the rest.

All myrrh and spiced gums,
Thy robes and rich array;—
From halls of ivory tuneful strings
Shall make Thee glad and gay.

PART III.

In jewels from Thy treasures told
Kings' daughters round Thy throne are seen,
At Thy right hand in Ophir's gold
Stands glorious Thine Anointed Queen.

" O daughter, hear and see; give ear;
" Thine own forget, thy father's hall;
" The King will hold thy beauty dear,
" Thy Lord is He—before Him fall."

The daughter there of Tyre hath laid
Her gift; their wealthiest homage pay:
Glorious within, yon royal maid;
All starr'd with gold her bright array.

In broider'd robes before the King
They bear her with her virgin train,
Her choir of friends to Thee they bring
With joy and every pleasant strain.

They are brought nigh, the Monarch's shrine
Receives them—hail, thou happy Bride!—
Heaven, for Thy sires, shall sons assign,
Enthron'd by Thee o'er empires wide;

A kingly race—and I the while
From age to age Thy name record,
Till praise from earth's remotest isle
Rise without end to Thee, O Lord.

PSALM XLVI.

God, our Hope and Strength abiding,
Sooths our dread, exceeding nigh:
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

Let them roar, his awful surges;—
Let them boil—each dark-brow'd hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges:
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still:

Joy of God's abode, the station
Where th' Eternal fix'd His tent:—
God is there, a strong salvation;
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of Morn be spent.

Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away:
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our Rock and Stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapp'd the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quench'd as tow.

"Silence—for th' Almighty know Me;
"O'er the heathen thron'd am I,
"Thron'd where earth must crouch below Me"—
Lord of Hosts, we know Thee nigh:
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our Rock on high.

PSALM XLVII.

O clap your hands together, every nation,
Sing to the Lord with voice of melody;
God is most high, of dread and aweful station,
A mighty King o'er all the earth is He.

The nations He shall tame, our prowess under,
Bid realms and regions at our footstool bend;
He from all lands our chosen home would sunder,
The pride of Jacob, His own chosen friend.

God is gone up with clang and cry victorious,
The mighty Lord, with trumpet's royal voice;
Praise ye our God—sing praise to God all-glorious—
Praise ye our King—sing praises, and rejoice.

Say, "God o'er all the earth His power hath taken"—
Come, with deep skill entwine each aweful tone:
God hath vouchsaf'd to rule the realms forsaken,
God is set down upon His holy throne.

Now join'd in one, the lords all nations swaying,
One nation seal'd to Abraham's God, draw nigh.—
God is alone, the shields of earth arraying;
God is alone, lift up exceeding high.

PSALM XLVIII.

PART I.

Great is the Lord, of high renown,
In His own favour'd dwelling,
The mount He mark'd to be His own,
In loveliness excelling,

The holy hill, of Sion nam'd,
The joy of every nation,—
Along her northern side are fram'd
Fair towers, a royal station,

The city of th' Eternal King:—
In all her bowers enduring,
She knows the shelter of His wing,
Her peace and hope assuring.

See monarchs gathering and gone by;
Against her they assemble:
They have but look'd,—amaz'd they fly,
With wildering heart they tremble.

Fear seiz'd them there, and sudden pain,
The travailing mother's token:
Even Tarshish, mightiest on the main,
Thine eastern blasts have broken.

PART II.

Our ears have heard, and now our eyes
The very truth descry,
Within the city of our God,
The home of God most high.

God holds her up for evermore:—
O mighty and benign,
'Twas ours Thy mercy to await
Here in Thine aweful shrine.

According to Thy wondrous Name,
So is Thy praise, O God;
Thy praise o'er all the ends of earth
Spread gloriously abroad.

Thine outstretch'd Arm and Thy right Hand
Are fraught with deeds of right;
Mount Sion, for Thy judgment's sake,
Rejoices in Thy Light.

For joy to Thee the daughters spring
Of Judah, Thine own race:—
" Come, wind your way round Sion hill,
" Her towers in order trace.

" Muse deeply o'er her sacred mound,
" Tell out each glittering dome,
" That ye may speak her wonders right
" To the far age to come.

" Say, This is God, our own true God
" For evermore to be,
" And yet for ever: even o'er death
" Our Guide and Guard is He."

PSALM XLIX.

This lesson, all ye nations, hear,
All dwellers of the world, give ear,
Children of high and low;
Ye nameless band, and ye of race
Renown'd—the wealthy and the base—
Together mark and know.

My mouth would words of wisdom choose,
My heart true counsel deeply muse,
I stoop, mine ear to fill
With a dark strain; my harp would try
A dim mysterious melody.—
" Why should I fear in ill?"

" Why should dark days my spirit daunt,
" When sins of traitors round me haunt?
" They who on gold rely,
" Who triumph o'er their swelling heaps,
" None of them all his brother keeps,
" None may redeem or buy;

" None with his God his ransom clear—
" Their soul's redemption is too dear,
" Still paid, and still to pay;
" Not one achieves a deathless doom,
" An eye that ne'er may see the tomb,
" Victorious o'er decay.

" None tries a ransom; for he sees
" The wise man die, stern Ruin seize
" The brutish souls and blind,
" Their store, their might, to aliens cast.—
" Yet domes for evermore to last
" They build them in their mind.

" Their tabernacles for all time
" They rear; so dream they: town and clime
" By their own names they call;—
" Yet mortal man in glorious state,—
" Where is he? will his greatness wait
" Till dew of morning fall?

" Is he not like each grazing beast?
" All are cut off: their name hath ceas'd,
" Behold the way they walk.
" O senseless! and in years to come,
" Men shall accept their fearful doom
" With aw'd and wondering talk.

" Even as a flock array'd are they
" For the dark grave; Death guides their way,
" Death is their shepherd now:
" The just shall rule them in the morn,
" The grave will waste their frame forlorn,
" Nor rest nor home allow.

" My soul from touch of deadly doom
" The Lord redeems; He takes me home.
" Then wherefore in dismay,
" Though here and there one wealthy grow,
" Or if his house all-glorious shew?
" He carries nought away.

" In death he leaves it all: his crown
" Of glory goes not with him down.
" What though alive he cheer
" His soul, and call him great and blest?
" (And if thou make thine own the best,
" The world will praise thee here:)

" Yet to the portion of his sires
" That soul must go, th' ethereal fires
" Never again to mark.
" Man, thoughtless in his high estate,
" With grazing herds may find a mate:
" They perish in the dark."

PSALM L.

PART I.

The God of Gods, Jehovah, spake,
His call the world pervading,
From where the rays of morning wake,
To where the west is fading.

From Sion, crown of perfect grace,
He shews His glory-token:
The Lord beams out, He comes apace,
His silence He hath broken.

Devouring fires before Him rove,
A whirlwind sweeping round Him;
He calls unto the Heavens above,
The earth below hath found Him.

He summons all, to judge His own—
"Bring all My saints before Me,
"The plighted ones, who round My Throne
"With sacrifice adore Me."

Then spake aloud the Heavens on high,
His righteousness revealing,
That God in His own Majesty
Is Judge of mortals' dealing.

PART II.

"My people, hear, and I will speak;
"Myself would witness be
"Against thee, Israel: I am God,
"A God most true to thee.

"I chide no sacrifice forgot;
"Thy constant offerings flame
"Before me; steer nor goat of thine
"From fold or stall I claim.

" For Mine are all the tribes that roam
" In glade or forest dark ;
" The cattle on a thousand hills,
" The mountain fowls, I mark.

" The wildest on the lonely moor
" By Me are watch'd and told ;
" If I would eat, I ask not thee ;
" The stores of earth I hold.

" Think'st thou the blood of goats I quaff?
" On flesh of bullocks feed?—
" Nay, sacrifice thy praise to God,
" And pay thy vows in deed ;

" To God most high thy vows repay,
" And call Me in dark hour
" Of anguish ; I will save, and thou
" Shalt know My healing power."

PART III.

But thus saith God to impious men :
" Art thou My laws proclaiming?
" With thy polluted lips in vain
" Mine holy covenant naming?

" But thou hast loath'd My chast'ning hand,
" And cast My words behind thee ;
" With robbers thou hast lov'd to band,
" Among th' unchaste I find thee.

" Thou hast let loose thy mouth to ill,
" Thy tongue all falsehood weaving ;
" Thy pastime, when thou sittest still,
" Is slander and deceiving.

" To name amiss thy brother's name
" Is thy repose and pleasure,
" And snares along his way to frame,
" Who was thy mother's treasure.

" These were thy ways :—I held my tongue,
" And thy false heart belied Me ;—
" ' God is as we ; He loves the wrong ;'—
" But now no more I hide Me.

" I scourge thee, and before thee set
" Thine own dark evil dreaming.—
" Mark this, who scorn the Lord, ere yet
" I rend, and no redeeming.

" Who brings me a true thankful heart,
" I own his adoration ;

" Pour on the man of order'd ways
" The light of God's salvation."

PSALM LI.

PART I.

By all Thy pitying care,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray;
With melting heart receive my prayer,
Blot all my guilt away.

Wash me, and make me clean
From all my dark offence;
And sprinkle o'er my shame and sin
Clear dews of innocence.

For I my wanderings own,
And ever in my sight
My folly lives: Thee, Thee alone
With evil I requite;

Thee only; Thy pure eye
Beheld mine evil done;
So might Thy word o'ercome on high,
Thy righteous cause be won.

PART II.

Behold me shap'd with mortal stains,
My mother me conceiv'd in sin:—
But, lo! pure Truth in heart and reins,
And Wisdom deeply seal'd within;

Here is Thy joy, Thy teaching here!—
Yet once th' atoning hyssop shew,
And I am spotless; wash me clear,
And I am whiter than the snow.

Thou bidd'st me hear of light and bliss,
The bones Thou brakest sing for joy:—
Turn thee from all I wrought amiss,
Blot out my sin and sad annoy.

A pure clean heart within me make,
A spirit calm'd, renew, I pray;
Nor cast me from Thy sight, nor take
Thy Holy Spirit quite away.

PART III.

The joy of Thy redeeming light
Restore me, Lord, again;
And with Thy free and princely Sp'rit
My weary heart sustain.

So may I learn th' unjust Thy way,
And sinners tow'rd Thee press:
Free me, my God, mine health and stay,
From dark blood-guiltiness.

My tongue would hymn Thy truth, O Lord,
My lips Thou openest wide,
My mouth would blazon and record
Thy praise on every side:

How offerings are not Thy delight,
Nor gifts that I bestow,
Nor whole burnt-offerings in Thy sight
May partial favour know.

A spirit bruis'd, that mourns apart,
Is God's own sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart
Thou wilt not, Lord, despise.

Do good in Thy good pleasure, Lord,
To Sion, Thine own hill;
Be Salem's towers in joy restor'd
By Thine all-bounteous will.

So wilt Thou own our vows of peace,
Burnt-offerings, gifts entire;

So never may our bullocks cease
To feed Thine altar-fire.

PSALM LII.

Why boast of thy misdeeming might,
Thou warrior arm'd for wrong?
Whereas the goodness of the Lord
Endureth all day long.

Thy tongue all evil darkly frames,
As razor keenly whet,
Ever in wiles—thy heart on ill,
And not on good, is set.

The tones of fraud and not of truth
Fast to thy lips have clung;
All greedy, harmful words to thee
Are welcome, O false tongue.

Thee too will God for aye break down,
Will gripe thee fast, and tear
From hearth and home, and root thee out
From living earth and air.

The righteous shall behold and fear,
And laugh, to watch his fall;—
"Lo! here the man, who finds no tower
"In God, no hope at all:

"Who on his own rich store relied,
"And made him strong in crime."—
While I, an olive in God's house,
Grow green in joyous prime.

On tender mercies of our God
For ever calm I muse,
And yet for ever—day by day,
For Thee a strain I choose.

I thank Thee, for Thine arm hath wrought;
On Thy great Name I rest,
For That is joy and peace to all
Whom Thou hast crown'd and bless'd.

PSALM LIII.

"There is no God:" so spake in thought
The man of churlish mood:
Deep have they stain'd each crime they wrought,
Not one of them doth good.

The Lord o'er all the sons of man
Look'd from His high abode,
If one wise heart His eye might scan,
One duteous, seeking God.

The world, even all, was backward gone,
Together loathsome turn'd;
None of them all doth good, not one:
O have they nought discern'd?

Have they not known, that work'd such ill,
Who at their daily board,
As bread, devour Mine own,—at will
Devour,—nor name the Lord?

There with deep fear they shrank, and, lo!
No fear was nigh:—for God
The bones of thy besieging foe
Hath shatter'd far abroad.

Soon didst thou turn to shame and flight,
Whom God had laugh'd to scorn.—
O when from Sion's hallow'd height
Shall Israel's Hope be borne?

What time His tribes' captivity
Th' Almighty shall redeem,

Then Jacob's heart shall leap for glee,
With joy shall Israel beam.

PSALM LIV.

Save Me, by Thy great Name, O Lord,
Avenge Me, Power Divine;
Lord, hear My prayer; receive each word,
Each fearful word of Mine.

For alien foes against Me rise,
And men of spoil and strife,
Who set no God before their eyes,
Have waited for My life.

But, lo! the Lord is on My side,
The Sovereign Lord of all
With Mine upholders: He will guide
The curse, to turn and fall,

Fall on ill eyes, that watch Me round;—
In silence lay them low
For Thy Truth's sake: so, freely crown'd,
Thine altar, Lord, shall glow.

So will I praise Thy Name, how dear !
And say, " From every woe
" He won Me safe ; Mine eyes saw clear
" My will upon My foe."

PSALM LV.

PART I.

Lord, hear my prayer and cry of woe,
Nor hide Thee quite behind Thy cloud ;
Take heed and hear me—to and fro
I toss, and shrink, and groan aloud ;

For the stern robber's shout, the throng
And crushing of th' unjust : for why?
On me they heave some hidden wrong,
I know their spite, how keen, how nigh.

My heart bounds wildly in my breast,
Dim fears of death upon me fall ;
Within me, trembling and unrest,
Dark anguish o'er me, shadowing all.

And "Oh that I had wings," I said,
"Wings like a dove, to flee away,
"And be at rest; in desert shade
"Far would I fleet, and fearless stay;

"Far would I fleet, and lodge me safe,
"I would make haste a home to find
"Beyond where tempests whirl and chafe,
"Beyond th' uprooting bitter wind."

PART II.

"Destroy, O Lord,—divide their tongue."—
Thus pray'd I; for I saw
The city stor'd with strife and wrong;
By day and night they draw
Their line, as watchmen round her walls,
Mis'ry and mischief throng her halls:

A thousand ills are there: Deceit
And Guile, with creeping pace,
Haunt evermore the fated street—
Thus o'er My fallen place
I mourn'd; for not an open foe
Reviles, or I had borne the blow;

Nor hater on Me lift his brow,
So were I fain to fly
To a safe hold:—'twas even thou,
A man that seem'd as I,
My neighbour and familiar friend,
Sweet counsel us'd with Me to blend.

Together through the courts of God,
In choir we sweetly pass'd.—
Death o'er them wave his viewless rod!
Low in the grave be cast
Their living strength! for mortal sin
Abides their home and heart within.

PART III.

For me, my prayer to God is borne,
"Come, save me, Lord of all;"
At dewy eve, at dawning morn,
At glaring noon I muse and mourn,
And He hath heard my call.

My soul in quiet He withdrew
From warfare blazing high.
By myriads rush'd the rebel crew;—
God heard, and spake;—His voice they knew;—
Thron'd in eternity.

They knew Him, men by change untried,
Untaught to fear the Lord;
Even he who reach'd his arm in pride
O'er quiet souls, his home beside,
And brake his plighted word.

Softer than cream his accents flow,
His heart all war and prey:
As oil-drops stealing calm and slow
Out of his mouth the mild words go:
But very swords are they.

Cast on the Lord thy burden, He
Will nurture thee in need,
Nor to the righteous e'er decree
An endless downfall: Lord, by Thee
The rebels find their meed.

Thou lay'st them in the grave's dark side;
The bloody guileful kind,—
Not half their days shall they abide:
The while with Thee I rest and hide,
On Thee I fall resign'd.

PSALM LVI.

PART I.

Have pity, Lord, for man
Is gaping to devour;
They vex me daily with wild war,
They press me every hour.
My foes all day are gaping wide,
O Thou Most High! in war and pride
Upon me thousands lower.

Yet in my day of dread,
I trust, I cling to Thee;
In might of mine own glorious God,
I praise His deep decree;
I praise His word—in God I trust,
Why should I fear what earth or dust
Can do or dream on me?

My words they writhe and wrest,
Their counsels aim all day
On me, for evil:—gatherers close,
And hiders dark, are they.
Well mark they out each step of mine,
Even as of old they wound their line
Around my soul, their prey.

Their stay and sheltering tower
Is only vain deceit.—
Bow them, O Lord! in wrath bow down
The heathen at Thy feet.
Thou tellest o'er my fluttering fears,
Thou hast a cruse to catch my tears.—
Is aught with thee unwrit?

PART II.

Yet in my day of solemn prayer
My foes are scattered wide:
This have I known; for God is there,
The Lord is on my side.

In God's high Name I pour the word
Of high adoring praise;
In the great Name of God the Lord,
I tune my thankful lays.

In spirit to my God I flee,
No fear what earth may do:
Thy vows are on me, Lord; to Thee
My joyful hymns are due.

Thou who hast won me from the dead,
Art Thou not by, to stay
My tottering feet, with Thee to tread
The bright and living way?

PSALM LVII.

PART I.

Have pity, Lord, have grace: for why?
My spirit holds by Thee,
In shadow of Thy wings I lie
Till evil pass and flee.

To the Great Name my prayer I make,
The Most High God and Lord,
The God who perfects for my sake
His sovereign will and word.

He sends and saves from Heaven above;
With shame He bow'd to earth
The ravening foe; His truth and love
Th' Almighty Lord sends forth.

Mid lions fell, wild fiery hearts
Of men, my soul is laid,
Whose teeth are spears and quivering darts,
Their tongue, a sharpen'd blade.

Yet o'er all deeps of Heaven on high
Exalt Thee, mighty God,
Thy Glory and Thy Majesty
O'er earth and ocean broad.

PART II.

Their toils are spread where I must go;
He bow'd my soul, he trode me low;
They hew'd the pitfall, hid the snare,—
And lo, their feet are struggling there.

My heart is fix'd, 'tis fix'd, O Lord,
My voice and verse in true accord:—
Wake up, my glory, harp and hymn,
Awake! I wake ere stars be dim.

I praise Thee, mid all tribes, O God,
Amid the nations far abroad
My psalms for ever rise, and tell
How up to Heaven Thy mercies swell:

Up to the skies Thy wondrous love,
Thy truth to all the deeps above.—
Exalt Thee, Lord, o'er Heaven on high,
O'er all the earth Thy Majesty.

PSALM LVIII.

Will ye maintain indeed
The scorn'd and smother'd right?
At your award, ye mortal seed,
Shall equity have might?

Nay, but in heart ye frame
All evil: in all lands
Ye weigh, and measure out, and aim
The rapine of your hands.

As aliens from the womb
Th' ungodly start aside;
E'en from their mothers' breasts they roam,
Their false hearts wandering wide.

A loathsome gall they yield,
As gall of aspic fell;
Like the deaf adder, who hath seal'd
His ear against the spell;

Whom whisperers ne'er might take,
Nor wily sorcerer win
With deepest lore.—Almighty, break
Their teeth, their lips within.

Come shiver with strong arm
The lion's jaws, O Lord!
This way and that, to shame and harm,
As water they are pour'd.

Each arrow they would shoot
Falls shiver'd from the bow;
They pass like melting snail, or fruit
Of some untimely throe.

They ne'er saw morning ray:—
Yes—ere your cauldrons know
The thorn, His winds shall sweep away
Green wood and brands that glow.

The just in joyful mood
Th' avenging storm will view,
And wash his footsteps in the blood
Of yon rebellious crew;

Till man on earth shall cry,
"The righteous soul hath yet

" His meed: O yet a God on high
" To judge the world is set."

PSALM LIX.

PART I.

Lord, from my foes my rescue be.—
They lift them high, but I by Thee
Shall win a loftier steep;
From evil-doers, men of blood,
Redeem me, save me; see their brood
In ambush lurking deep.

Against me, for no fault of mine,
No sin, O Lord, the tyrant line
Keep sojourn, close and dark:
All unprovok'd they rush to take
Their murderous station; Lord, awake,
Be there with me, and mark.

Thou, Lord Almighty, Israel's Lord,
Power of all armies, rise, reward
All heathen in Thy might;
Nor spare the soul that hides a lie.—
Lo, they return—at eve they cry,
They howl the livelong night.

As dogs they howl, the walls about,
Lo, the rude words in wrath gush out,
Swords are in all they say;
For "who doth hear?"—'Tis thine afar
To mock them, Lord,—to scorn and mar
The heathen's reckless way.

Thou, Israel's might, I watch to Thee:
I watch and scan Thy deep decree,
My Tower and my Repose;
God of Thy people's love, Thy fear
Comes ere I call: God shews me clear
My will upon my foes.

PART II.

I ask no wrath, to whet
The slaughtering sword o'er all—
Too soon my people would forget—
But scatter and appal,
And be Thy warrior might reveal'd
To bring them down, O Lord, our shield.

Alas! their words of wrong
And breathed sin! their pride
Hath caught them; and their fearless tongue,
In oaths and guile untied.

Waste them in wrath, O waste, and they
For evermore shall pass away.

So may all mortals know
That God in Jacob reigns,
The ends of earth His empire shew.—
For still, as daylight wanes,
They come again; as dogs they howl,
And round the lonely rampart prowl.

Behold, how wild they roam,
How restless roam for prey!
They shall be fill'd—their rest and home
In a long night have they.
But I,—I praise Thy power, and sing
Thy love betimes at daylight's spring.

O Thou, mine own high Place,
And Shade in evil day,
My Strength and Hope! for Thee I trace
Mine high and gladsome lay:
To Thee, my Rock, and Refuge near!
God of the love I prize so dear!

PSALM LX.

Lord, Thou hast loath'd us, borne to earth
Our rampart wall; Thine ire went forth;
O turn Thee to our side.
Thou heav'st, Thou rendest all the land,
Come bind her sores with healing band:
She trembles, far and wide.

Thou shew'st Thy people, clouding o'er,
A woe and burthen; Thou didst pour
Our wine of dire affright.
As stream'd of yore Thy banner fold
O'er hearts that fear'd Thee:—they were bold,
They gather'd for the right;—

So now, Thine own, Thy favour'd band,
Do Thou, Lord, even Thine own right hand,
Redeem, and hear my prayer.
God in His holy place spake out:
I spring on high with gladsome shout,
The spoils of Sichem share.

O'er Succoth's vale I draw My line,
Gilead, Manasseh, both are Mine,

My horn, so high and true,
Is Ephraim; Judah speaks My lore;
I wash My feet in Moab; o'er
Proud Edom cast My shoe.

Thy shout for Me, Philistia, swell,
Secure; but who My way can tell
To yon high fortress mound?
Who led me erst o'er Edom's wall?
Was it not Thou, dread Lord of all,
Who loath'd us and disown'd?

Yet wilt Thou march in our array?
O help us in the battle day,
For nought is mortal trust.
Bold deeds in our victorious God
We will perform: 'tis He hath trod
Our foemen in the dust.

PSALM LXI.

Lord, listen to my lowly dirge,
My plaintive call attend;
My fainting heart to Thee would urge
A prayer from earth's far end.

Come, guide me to the rocky hold
Too high for me: for Thou
Mine Hope, and my strong Tower of old,
Hast sham'd th' avenger's brow.

Within Thy tabernacle shade
I would for aye abide,
In wings of Thy kind sheltering aid
Would safely rest and hide.

For Thou, O Lord, hast heard my vows,
And bidd'st Thy servant claim
The lot Thy bounteous grace allows
Th' adorers of Thy Name.

Days to the King's immortal days
Thou addest, o'er and o'er;
Age after age, for Him always
Thou keepest years in store.

His throne before the mighty God
For ever shall endure:
Mercy and Truth along His road
Prepare, to keep Him sure.

So to Thy Name will I recite
A never-dying lay,

And daily in my Maker's sight
My vow'd obedience pay.

PSALM LXII.

PART I.

My soul on God alone hath stay'd
In silence: for mine health, mine all
Is there: even He, my Rock and Aid,
My strong high place, I may not fall.

I may not greatly fall—how long
Must mortals your wild vexing rue?
Dark murderers all, a lawless throng,
Set on the weak to pierce him through.

The tottering wall, the broken mound
They press; unwearied they devise
To force th' unsure from lofty ground;
Their solace and their joy are lies:

With lip they bless, in heart they ban:—
Only, my soul, wait still on God;
From Him my rest and hope began,
Mine only health, my strong abode;

My mountain hold, I fear no shock:
On God mine hope and health rely,
My Glory, mine unswerving Rock;
My sheltering home is God most high.

PART II.

O trust in Him alway,
Ye people: pour your hearts
Before Him: God is all our stay;
All mortal hope departs.

Sure vain are men of might,
And mean men but a lie:
High in the scale they rise, more light
Than very vanity.

O trust ye not in wrong,
Dream not of lawless prey:
High be your wealth, your prowess strong,
Yet turn your heart away.

Th' Almighty once spake out,
Twice have I heard and known
His voice: I heard with ear devout
That "power is God's alone."

The power, the love is Thine;
To every heart, O Lord,
Whate'er we do, whate'er design,
Thou renderest sure reward.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God; on Thee
I wait ere prime of morn:
Tow'rd Thee my thirsty soul, tow'rd Thee
My wasting frame is borne;

Far in a weary land and dry,
Where no cool waters shine;
Even as I gaz'd with longing eye
In Thine own favour'd shrine:—

Upon Thy power and majesty
I gaz'd: for Thy dear love
Is better than the life: to Thee
My lips would gently move:—

Even so through all my life I'll frame
To Thee my thankful lay,
And lift my hands to Thy great Name:
My soul hath found her stay:

As marrow and rich altar-steam
My soul hath found her fill,
My joyful lips shall know their theme,
My mouth would praise Thee still.

Surely by night upon my bed
My memory held Thee fast,
In breathed prayer to Thee I sped
The watches as they past—

To Thee, "mine aid, so sure and near"—
Beneath Thy shadowing wing
I chaunt for joy: my soul in fear
Fast to Thy skirts would cling.

Thy right arm grasps me, to uphold:
And these, for waste and prey
They seek my soul; to earth's deep fold
Even now they tread the way.

The many-edged battle sword,
Shall meet each feeble breast,
Weak as a wave: they fall abhorr'd,
The wild-dog's ready quest.

So shall the King in God rejoice;
Who swear by His great Name

Shall triumph ; and the false one's voice
Be seal'd in endless shame.

PSALM LXIV.

Lord, hear my voice, what time I call
And inly mourn to Thee:
Thou wilt preserve my life from thrall
Of ruthless enemy:

Wilt hide me when the froward men
Are fiercely gathering round,
When sinners shout and shout again,
A wild host's rushing sound:—

Who like a sword their tongue have whet,
And aim th' unpitying dart,
Ev'n bitter words, in secret set
Against the blameless heart.

Their sudden arrows fearless glide ;
They build them, high and strong,
An evil thought ; their snares to hide
They commune all day long.

" Who shall behold?" I heard them say:
They search and delve for ill:—
" Full deeply we have wrought our way,
" We wrought with craftiest skill."

Each dark low-winding heart and mind,
A tangled, deepening vale:—
A bolt from Heaven their hearts shall find,
A sudden wound assail.

These—ev'n their own lips' evil lore
Shall cast them out forlorn,
For wandering men to stumble o'er,
For all that see to scorn.

They shake the head, they start aside;
Each awe-struck heart of man
Shall tell how God hath wrought with Pride,
His dealings deeply scan.

The righteous in the Lord his choice
Shall joy, on Him repose;
True hearts with one accord rejoice,
And cheer them after woes.

PSALM LXV.

PART I.

Before Thee, Lord, is silence deep,
And praise in Sion hill;
The word, the vow, to Thee they keep,
Who hear'st the suppliant will.

All flesh of man tow'rd Thee shall throng,
Thou God who hearest prayer—
" Lord, my misdeeds are all too strong,
" Our sins, Almighty, spare!"

Blest is the man whom Thou wilt choose,
And near to Thee receive,
In courts of Thine to dwell and muse,
And on Thy fatness live.

We of the pleasures of Thine home,
Thy temple's holiness,
Would deeply drink! Thine answers come,
In terror, Lord, to bless.

God of our health! by Thy true Word
Thou answerest awefully,
Thou Hope of earth's far ends, ador'd
Beyond the Gentiles' sea.

PART II.

Who in His strength set fast the hills,
And girds Him round with power, and stills
Proud ocean's roar—his billows proud,
And tumult of the maddening crowd.

And they have fear'd thine aweful signs,
Who dwell on earth's remotest lines;
Th' outgoings of the morn and eve
A joyful song from Thee receive.

Thou hast come down to see Thy land,
And pour'd out plenty with full hand:
The river of the Lord runs o'er,
Hath bless'd our fields, will bless our store.

Her furrows drench, her ridges break!
Ten thousand drops, her thirst to slake,
Thou meltest o'er her crumbling mold,
Thy blessings every branch enfold.

Thine own glad year Thy bounties crown,
Thy paths in Heaven drop fatness down:
Drops soft each mead and desert mound,
With joy the green hills gird them round.

The pastures have put on their pride,
The white flocks gleaming far and wide;
The vales are wrapt in golden grain,
They shout for joy, they sing amain.

PSALM LXVI.

PART I.

Come, to the Lord in tuneful lays,
All ends of earth, awake,
Sing glory to His name, His praise
High joy and glory make.

Sing to the Lord, How vast a deep
Are Thy dread works of old!
Thy foes before Thee lowly creep
By Thy strong power controll'd.

The world, even all, must kneel to Thee,
Must sing to Thee, sing laud
To Thy great Name: draw near and see
The deeds of our high God.

His outstretch'd arm in terror wrought
O'er men of mortal brood:
He turn'd deep ocean into drought,
They march o'er wave and flood.

There might our souls in Him delight,
A King for ever crown'd
By triumph of His sovereign might:
His glance the foe hath found.

Far, far and wide His searching eye
O'er heathen lands is thrown;
No more let rebels walk on high
In prowess of their own.

PART II.

Bless, ye nations, our Anointed,
Sound His praises high and wide,
Who for life our souls appointed,
Suffered not our feet to slide.

Thou, O God, hast tried and taught us,
Purg'd as silver, purg'd in flame:
Thou within the snare hast brought us,
On our loins Thy burthen came:

Spurning wheels by Thee o'erbore us,
Meanest men our crowns defile:
Thou when fire and flood burst o'er us,
Winn'st us safe to Thy green isle.

Now with offerings I adore Thee,
In Thine home my vows I pay,
All my lips had gasp'd before Thee,
All I spake in evil day.

Rich and whole the gifts I bring Thee,
Savoury steam of rams entire;
Steers upon Thy pile I fling Thee,
Goats to feed th' atoning fire.

PART III.

Come, hearken every one
Who fears th' Eternal King,
And for my soul what God hath done
In order I will sing.

I breath'd mine earnest cry,
I call'd Him loud and long,
In endless store His praises lie,
Beneath my loyal tongue.

On evil did I look
With eye of wistful thought?
Th' Almighty would not hear nor brook
The prayer my false tongue brought.

Yet surely God the Lord
Hath deign'd look down and hear:
My Father to th' adoring word
Unseal'd His willing ear.

Praise God in Heaven above,
Who hath not cast away
Mine humble vow, nor hid His love
From where His suppliant lay.

PSALM LXVII.

Th' Almighty Lord give grace,
And shower His blessing down,
And shew the brightness of His grace,
Our prayer and hope to crown.

That earth may know Thy ways,
Thy saving light be pour'd
O'er every realm: let nations praise,
All nations praise Thee, Lord.

All tribes with all their might
Sing out for joy and mirth,
For Thou wilt judge the realms aright,
And guide the tribes on earth.

Let nations name Thee, Lord,
Thy Name all nations fill.—
Lo! the rich earth her bounteous hoard
Hath open'd at our will.

The Lord, even He we call
Our own true God, is near
To bless us: He will bless, and all
The ends of earth shall fear.

PSALM LXVIII.

PART I.

See God arise, His foemen fly,
His haters shrink beneath His eye:—
As smoke-wreaths melt in empty sky,
Thou scatterest them abroad:
As wax before the scorching flame,
Decay the men of lawless aim,
No remnant leaving and no name,
Before the mighty God.

Then shall the just before their King
With beaming eye for gladness spring:—
Sing to our God, in triumph sing,
And chaunt the Name ador'd.
Cast up His way, prepare it well,
Who rides in might o'er waste and fell;
In JAH, His Name unchangeable,
Exult before the Lord.

The Father of the orphan'd heart,
Th' Avenger of the widow's part,
In Thy most holy place Thou art,
Thou God of Heaven on high:

God gives the lonely home and rest;
To walk at large, He frees th' oppress'd:
They only dwell in drought unblest,
Who His great Power defy.

PART II.

Lord, Thou didst go before Thine own,
Thy stately step the region drear
Beheld; the earth did quake and groan,
The watery heavens were bow'd with fear.

Heaven bow'd, Earth trembled; thro' the sky
A few dark shower-drops stole abroad;
Yon Sinai towering lone and high
Bow'd down at sight of Israel's God.

Upon Thy chosen heritage
Thou waftest, Lord, Thy gracious rain,
And worn with many a weary stage
'Twas Thine to cheer them and sustain.

Thine everlasting host was there,
And safe within the guarded round
Thy people dwelt: celestial fare
For Thy forlorn, Thy goodness found.

The Lord, th' Almighty, breathes the strain,
And high the tuneful tidings swell;
Lo! chaunting loud in solemn train,
Ten thousand maids of Israel!

"Where are the kings of mighty hosts?
"Fled far away, fled far and wide:
"Their triumph and their trophied boasts
"The damsels in their bowers divide."

If calm ye rest, the troughs between,
The folds beside;—a Dove behold,
His plumes inlaid with silver sheen,
His pinions of the pale pure gold.

What time, the chosen of His love,
By Thee th' Almighty scatter'd kings,
Like snow in Salmon, gentle Dove,
Against the dark heaven glanc'd Thy wings.

"Lo, Bashan's hill, a hill of God,
"A towering mount is Bashan's hill."
Why, ye embattled mountains broad,
Look envious here? ye know His will.

Behold the mountain of the Lord,
His own, where He vouchsafes to be,

The tabernacle, where ador'd
He dwells in His eternity.

The chariots of Jehovah's train
Are twenty thousand; angels bright,
By thousands told, and told again;—
God is among them in His might:

In might and terror: silent waits
All Sinai, in the holy place.
Thou art gone up on high;—Thy gates
Thrown wide to Thine enthralled race.

PART III.

Thou hast ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity;
And Thou hast search'd Thy stores above
For gifts of Thy redeeming love;

Triumphal gifts for mortal man,
Here in his short and sinful span;
That rebel hearts should be th' abode
Of Israel's Lord, the mighty God.

Praise to the Lord from day to day,
Who bears our burthen on the way;
God of our health! Thou deign'st to bear
Our load of trembling hope and care.

This God is aye our God and Guide,
In strong deliverance surely tried,
And in the Lord our God's strong hand
Are issuings from Death's dreary land.

Only, upon His foeman's head,
Right aiming were the bolts He sped:
Through head and hair, where sin abode,
Have deeply pierc'd the wounds of God.

" Thy word is past, our God and King—
" Again from Bashan I will bring,
" Mine own, as erst, I bring again
" From caverns of the pathless main.

" Thy conquering steps I onward bore,
" And bade thee dash thy foot in gore—
" A fallen throng—a plenteous rill—
" Thy greedy hound may lap his fill."

PART IV.

Well seen are all Thy goings, Lord,
Thy ways of perfect grace,
The goings of my God and King,
In His own holy place.

The singers lead the choral march,
The minstrels close the train,
The virgin timbrels all around
Guide soft th' harmonious strain.

In solemn meetings praise the Lord,
The Lord, in warbled lays,
Ye who from Israel's fountain flow—
The God of all our praise.

There, least and last, yet chief of all,
The rod of Benjamin,
And fulness of the people, there
Are Judah's princes seen.

The princes there of Zabulon,
And Nephthali the wise;—
Thy Lord's high power on thy behalf
Is marshall'd in the skies.

Lord, in our cause make sure and strong
Thy word and gracious will,
Thou Watcher of Jerusalem,
From Thy most holy hill.

See monarchs in long order bring
Their votive gifts to Thee.—
The dweller in the reeds rebuke,
On Egypt's summer sea;

The people of the haughty horn,
The calves the heathens own,
Till each with silver pieces bend
Before th' Eternal Throne.

'Tis done: behold them scatter'd wide,
The tribes that joy in war:
Behold them speed, the high-born throng,
From Misraim's bound afar.

Far Moria's clime makes haste to spread
Her suppliant hands abroad.—
Sing to the Lord, ye thrones of earth,
Sing praises to our God:

Upon the very heavens upborne
Of His eternal Heaven;

With His own Voice, a mighty Voice,
His signal He hath given.

Ascribe ye power to God above:
His glory ever bright
Is over Israel, in the clouds
His high enduring might.

O aweful in Thy darksome shrine!
'Tis Israel's God who gives
Might to His own, and deeds of war:
For ever blest He lives.

PSALM LXIX.

PART I.

Lord, save Me, for the waters roll
Around; the waves have reach'd My soul;
In mire I sink, and find no tread,
Thick ooze of ocean's heaving bed;
In wild dark deeps without a shore,
The briny torrent dashing o'er.

With weary heart I make My plaint,
My throat is parch'd, Mine eyes are faint,
With cheerless waiting for My God:—
My wrongful haters are abroad,
And wiles for Me more numerous spread
Than hairs upon My helpless Head.

Me mightiest foes would crush, and throng
To silence Me with guile and wrong.
Then I, to stay their proud rebuke,
Repay the spoil I never took.
Thou knowest My simplicity,
My wanderings are not hid from Thee.

O never be they sham'd in Me,
Lord God of Hosts, who trust in Thee:
No loyal heart by Me repel,
Who seeks Thee, Lord of Israel.—
And why? for Thee reproach I bore,
My brow with shame is clouded o'er.

A stranger in My home I stood,
An alien to My mother's blood;
I pine with zeal of Thine abode,
Scorn'd by the scorners of My God;
I wept, I fasted, far aloof,
And that was turn'd to My reproof.

In sackcloth guise I softly went,
Their mirthful shafts on Me were bent,
Tales in the gate of Me they frame,
And revellers carol out My shame.
But, Lord, to Thee I make My vow,
O grant an hour of mercy now.

PART II.

Now by th' abundance of Thy grace,
And by Thy saving truth,
Hear Me, and free My sinking feet
From pathless mire uncouth.

So, snatch'd from haters fierce and keen,
From billowy caverns dread,
The waterfloods may dash no more
Around Mine helpless head:

The eddies of the boiling wave
May swallow Me no more,
Nor the dark pit, her dreary jaws
For ever closing o'er.

Lord, hear Me, for Thy love is sweet,
And by Thy plenteous grace
With tender yearnings look on Me,
Nor hide Thy glorious face.

Speed to Thy Servant words of peace,
For I am bow'd with grief,
To My forsaken heart draw nigh,
And claim Me for relief.

Look on th' oppressor, and redeem;
Thou knowest My despite,
My shame and My rebuke:—My foes
Are ever in Thy sight.

PART III.

Rebuke My very heart hath bruis'd;
I sicken as I wait all day
For soothing, and 'tis all refus'd,
For mourners—they are far away.

And they have given Me gall for bread,
With vinegar My wine-cup dress'd.—
Now be their board before them spread
A snare, a grave for friend and guest.

Let both their eyes be quench'd in night,
And their bow'd loins for ever shake;
Upon them shower Thy wrathful might,
And let Thy burning ire o'ertake.

Forsaken be their fold, and waste,
No dweller in their tents remain,
For whom Thou smitest, they have chas'd,
Tell o'er the sorrows of Thy slain.

Count Thou for ill their sin and blame,
Nor let them find Thy righteous ways,
Blot from the book of life their name,
Nor with the just enrol their praise.

PART IV.

And I, when I am wan and poor,
O Lord, Mine health, My refuge sure,
And tower of strength, Thou art:
In song I praise the Name of God,
And high aloft and far abroad
I pour My thankful heart:

An offering to My God more dear
Than sacrifice of firstling steer,
So proud with hoof and horn:
Meek souls have seen, and joyful glow:
The seekers of the Lord,—and lo!
Life to your heart forlorn!

" God hearkens to the desolate,
" His prisoners in their low estate
" His mercy never spurn'd.
" Heaven, earth, and ocean,—all that breathe
" And glide the darksome main beneath,—
" His glorious praise have learn'd.

" His Sion He will save, and build
" Each tower in Judah's wasted field,
" A haunt and home to be,
" A portion to His servant's seed,
" A sheltering tent to all decreed
" Who love Thy Name and Thee."

PSALM LXX.

O God, to free my way,
Lord, to mine aid, make haste;
Sham'd and astonied all be they
Who seek my soul to waste.

Back turn they, bow'd with shame,
Who joy in my despair.
Disown them, with Thy worst of blame,
Who o'er me cry, There, there!

Joyful and glad in Thee
Be all who seek Thee, Lord:
"Great be His Name," their song shall be,
Who love Thine healing Word.

Poor am I, lowly laid;
O haste Thee, Lord, this way:
Thou art my ransom, Thou mine aid;
Lord, linger not, I pray.

PSALM LXXI.

PART I.

O Lord, to Thee for aid I cling,
Now leave me not in endless shame,
Redeem me, save me, righteous King,
Incline Thine ear, Thy ransom'd claim.

Be Thou my Rock and Fortress-wall,
My Home to hide in day and night;
Thou gav'st the word to loose my thrall,
Thou art my Tower and Hold of might.

Save me from touch of sinners dire,
The lawless and their grasp uncouth;
For Thou art all my heart's desire,
My Hope and Stay from morn of youth.

On Thee with all my weight I lie,
Even from the birth; to set me free,
And in the womb my bonds untie
Was Thine; my praise is still of Thee.

To thousand eyes a mark and gaze
Am I:—and Thou, my refuge strong!
My lips are teeming with Thy praise,
Thy glorious beauty all day long.

PART II.

O cast me not away
In age's weary length;
Nor yet forsake me, Lord, I pray,
In waning of my strength.

For why? my busy foes
Are vaunting o'er my fall;
My soul's keen watchers round me close,
Aloud they cry and call,

"God leaves him—take the prey;
"No Saviour comes in need."—
My God, O be not far away;
To aid me, Father, speed.

Shame and decay befall
The vexers of my heart;
Scorn and rebuke enfold them all,
Who seek mine evil part.

PART III.

And I,—for ever I abide,
And praise Thee more and more;
My lips rehearse Thy goodness tried,
All day Thy saving lore.

In vain I count them, vainly spell;
Yet onward go, in might
Of God the Lord; of Thee I tell,
Thee only just and right.

'Twas Thine, O Lord, to train and try
My spirit from my youth;
Even to this hour, I glorify
The wonders of Thy truth.

Now I am old, my locks are white;
Lord, spare Thine orphan's doom,
Till I have told one age Thy might,
Thy power in years to come.

Thy justice, Lord, how vast and high!
Even as Thine arm hath wrought
All glorious things; Lord, who may vie
With Thine eternal thought?

As Thou hast fill'd my heart's sad gaze
With thronging troubles sore,
So dost Thou turn, give life, and raise
From deep of earth once more.

Thou giv'st me greatness manifold,
Thou sooth'st me, all around;
Nor I may leave my thanks untold
To viol of sweet sound.

Thee, and Thy Truth, mine only God,
To Thee with harp I sing,
Who rulest Israel with Thy rod,
Our holy, glorious King.

My lips shall warble out, for joy
That I should sing of Thee;
So will my heart, from sad annoy
By Thee redeem'd and free.

Of all Thy Truth, my tongue would frame
Her chant, the live-long day;
For they are scorn'd, they flee for shame,
Who sought my soul's decay.

PSALM LXXII.

Thy judgments to the King, O Lord,
To the King's Son Thy truth impart,
To rule Thine own with sure award,
And win redress for every orphan'd heart.

So may Thy mountains, far and wide,
Sweet peace unto Thy people bear;
And the green knolls on every side
In righteousness their quiet mantle wear.

The children of the poor forlorn
In all the land to judge aright,
Is His; to save the souls that mourn,
And dash to earth th' Oppressor's rav'ning might.

Thy fear with Heav'n's bright Sun shall live,
The watchful Moon Thy witness be,
Age after age; glad earth receive,
As showers on wool, sweet silent dews from Thee.

He shall come down as still and light
As scatter'd drops on genial field;
And in His time, who loves the right,
Freely shall bloom, sweet peace her harvest yield,

Till the bright Moon be quench'd and o'er:
And He shall reign from sea to sea,
The eastern flood shall Him adore,
The ends of utmost earth His portion be.

Wild sunburnt hordes before Him bow,
The dust shall be His foeman's meat:
From Tarshish and the isles, e'en now,
Kings of the west Thy Throne with offerings greet.

Sheba and Saba far away,
Kings of the east, their vows shall bring:
All monarchs worship and obey,
All nations serve the One Eternal King.

For souls forlorn, no helper nigh,
He frees,—the needy when he calls:
The Saviour of the poor, His Eye
In gentleness upon the lowly falls.

From guile and fierce tyrannic might
'Tis His their spirit to relieve,
And dear and precious in His sight
Is their life-blood: O King, for ever live!

He lives, and to Him gifts they bring
Of Sheba's gold; and He will pray

For them unwearied: our high King
His aweful blessing will breathe out all day.

Lo, streaks of corn in all the land,
High waving o'er the mountain side:
Like Lebanon by soft winds fann'd,
Rustles the golden harvest far and wide.

Lo, from the City, fresh and bright,
Like green herb from the vernal ground,
They spring to verdure and to light;—
In Time's great deep His glory shall be found.

In presence of th' eternal Sun,
His Name shall live, bear fruit, and grow:
All blessings in His Name be won,
Tongues of all lands His praise and empire shew.

To Israel's God be endless fame,
The only wonder-working Lord,
And blessed be His glorious Name,
And o'er the wide earth be His glory pour'd.

PSALM LXXIII.

PART I.

To Israel God is only good,
Ev'n to the pure in heart:
But I—my feet were almost gone,
My goings slide and start.

For why? I look'd upon the proud
With griev'd and jealous ken;
With evil eye my soul beheld
The peace of impious men;

Theirs, ev'n till death, are no strong pains,
No bands of agony;—
Of giant frame:—our human woes
Their dwelling ne'er come nigh.

They are not scourg'd with mortal men:
For this, around their neck
Pride clasps them like a chain; the robes
Of haughty violence deck.

Their eyes, from fulness of their bread,
Stand out too free and bold;

In thoughts and visions of their heart
They wander uncontroll'd.

They speak ill words in scorn and guile,
They speak from their high place:
They set their mouth in Heaven; their tongue
At will through earth would pace.

For this, ev'n hearts, He call'd His own,
Toward them wondering turn,
And taste their waters, wrung at will
In an o'erflowing urn.

" Tush," say they, " how should God discern?
" How in the Lord so high
" Should knowledge dwell? yon rebels mark,
" Their deep tranquillity,

" Their fruitful, ever-growing store."—
Then said I, " Sure in vain
" I cleanse my heart, and wash my hands
" So pure from evil stain.

" Yet am I scourg'd the live-long day;
" At prime of every morn
" My chastening comes." If thus I thought
To tell their tale of scorn,

Behold, 'twas treason to Thy race,
The sons of Thy delight:
Such knowledge if I sought, 'twas all
Sore travail in my sight.

PART II.

Till entering in God's aweful shrine,
Their final fall I ponder;
O surely Thou hast mark'd their line,
In slippery paths to wander.

On heaps they fall, by Thee o'erthrown:
How in one glance forsaken,
A waste they lie! swept off, undone,
With scaring sounds o'ertaken!

Ev'n as a dream at waking, Lord,
At Thine own bright uprising
Thou scorn'st their image; their ador'd
Is set for our despising.

Thus mus'd I; for my heart within
With bitter cares was heaving;
My reins I fretted at their sin
With fond and wilful grieving.

PART III.

Thus I, ev'n I, with Thee was found
As beasts that graze upon the ground,
A dull, unheeding band.
Yet I, ev'n I, with Thee abide
For ever; Thou, my watchful Guide,
Hadst hold of my right hand.

My Shepherd, with Thy gentle lore
Thou lead'st me; when my course is o'er,
To glory wilt receive.
Whom have I, Lord, in Heaven but Thee?
With Thee conversing, nought to me
Is dear, that earth can give.

My flesh, my heart, shall pine away;
God is my heart's sure Rock and Stay,
My portion without end.
For now Thy judgments, Lord, I see,
How perish all, who far from Thee
Their rude way reckless bend.

In silence dark Thy power hath laid
Each wanton who from Thee hath stray'd.
And I,—that God is near,

Is all my joy: my God and King,
With Thee to rest, unwearied sing
Thy workings high and dear.

PSALM LXXIV.

PART I.

O Lord, why loathe us evermore?
Why should Thy burning wrath blaze o'er
The sheep of Thine own favour'd fold?
Thy tribes remember, won and freed
Of yore: the sceptre of Thy seed,
Yon Sion hill, Thine haunt of old.

Rouse Thee, O Lord, lift up Thy feet:
'Tis ruin in Thy holy seat,
Wild ruin of th' unwearied foe:
With lion voice, th' invaders proud
Have burst amid th' adoring crowd;
As signs from Heaven their banners shew.

Each warrior counts it fame to wield
His lifted axe, as woodman skill'd
To rend his way thro' forest deep:

So rudely on her traceries fall
Their shivering blows; they perish all
By mace and hatchet's wasteful sweep.

They hurl'd to the devouring flame
Thy shrine; th' abode of Thy great Name
Spurn'd to the dust: in heart they said,
"Now crush we all;" their ruthless brand,
From bower to bower in all the land,
O'er every house of God hath spread.

Our wonted signs are vanish'd quite;
No prophet more; not one in sight
To span the woe, and say how long.—
When will the foe's reproaching cease,
The fierce reviler be at peace,
Who makes Thy Name all day his song?

Why draw'st Thou back Thine arm? O why
Stay Thy right arm? Come, lift it high
Out of Thy bosom; end their pride.
Yet God, th' Eternal King, is mine
Of yore, high deeds of health benign
In deep earth working far and wide.

PART II.

Thou with Thy might didst cleave the main,
Fierce heads of dragons o'er the wave
Thou shivered'st wide—Leviathan
With all his crowns hath found a grave.

Thou gav'st him, Lord, to be their food,
Who roam'd that dreary shore beside:
Thou clav'st the way for fount and flood,
The living streams by Thee were dried.

The day is Thine, the night is Thine;
Thou hast prepar'd the light and sun,
Earth's boundary Thou hast mark'd by line,
Both heat and cold, Thy course they run.

Creator of the summer beam
And winter wild! This wrong in mind
Lord, deeply grave! how foes blaspheme,
How scorn'd Thy Name the churlish kind.

O ne'er to ravening beak give o'er
The soul of Thy soft turtle dove:
The life of Thy forlorn and poor—
Let it Thy care for ever prove.

Look on Thy plighted troth: for where
On earth we stray, these corners dark—
Are they not each a haunt and lair
For powers of rapine? Father, mark!

Let not the simple turn in shame;
The poor and needy, let him praise
And own Thee: Lord, arise and claim
Thy pleaded right: mark all their ways.

Think how the churl all day defied,
And scorn'd Thee mightiest: why forget
The foeman's cry? their rebel pride
Swells high and loud; 'tis mounting yet.

PSALM LXXV.

Lord, to Thee all praise we yield,
To Thee all praise and might,
Thou, whose Name is near, reveal'd
By wonders high and bright.
For the holy choir to me
Is trusted: I the right decree.
Lo, they melt: earth quakes as dew,
With all her tottering crew.

I alone her roots uphold,
I poise her pillars dark;
To the frantic hearts too bold
I say, " Be still and mark."
To the child of lawless scorn
I say, " Beware, nor lift your horn,
" Lift not up your horn on high,
" Nor speak with haughty eye.

" Speak no more with neck elate;
" For not from east or west
" Flows high power and glorious state,
" Nor wild Arabian nest:
" For the Lord is Judge alone;
" A dungeon here, and there a throne
" At His will assigning round:—
" A cup with Him is found.

" In His hand, who rules the sky,
" Is found a cup of wine,
" Mingled strong and mantling high:
" Behold, the wrath divine
" Stoops it on the sinner's side;
" It flows amain; the lips of Pride
" Quaff the lees, and wring them forth,
" Ev'n all th' unjust of earth!

" Mine the task, for evermore
" Thy fame to tell abroad,
" Chant in full melodious lore
" The lay of Israel's God.
" Never sinners' horn shall grow,
" But I will lop and cast them low.
" Who is just? his horn on high
" Shall tower in victory."

PSALM LXXVI.

In Judah God is known, His Name
In Israel great and glorious;
His tent in Salem He would frame,
On Sion dwell victorious.
There burning shafts from many a bow
He shiver'd: targe and spear lay low,
The shield, the sword, and battle.

More glorious than from hills of prey
Thine aweful light is shining:
The proud had cast their spoils away,
In deadly sleep reclining;
Then warriors miss'd their arm of might:—
God of our fathers, Thou didst smite;
Fell car and horse, astonied.

Thou aweful God! to whom is given
In wrath to stand before Thee?
Thou mad'st Thy judgment heard from heaven,
The deeps of earth adore Thee.
They heard, they sank: for God arose
Out of His place, to judge His foes,
The meek ones here upholding.

Man's wrath must praise Thee, Lord! till Thou
Have girt the last wrath on Thee:
Vow they to God, and pay their vow,
Who wait in course upon Thee:
Gifts to the Dreadful One be brought,
Tamer of Monarch's haughty thought,
To kings of earth appalling.

PSALM LXXVII.

PART I.

My voice went up to God on high,
I cried and did not spare;
My voice to God:—I mourn and cry,
And He receives my prayer.

In hour of anguish and affright
Th' Almighty I desir'd;

My feeble hands I wrung all night,
In prayer and hope untir'd.

My spirit no relief would choose,
My speech to Thee would rise,
And make deep moan; I fain would muse,
My heart sinks down and dies.

Thou bad'st mine eyes till morning break
Their weary watches hold;
I was struck down, I might not speak,
I thought on days of old.

I tell the years of many an age,
My nightly strains would glow
Within; deep thoughts my soul engage,
And searchings high and low.

"Will God in ev'ry age disown?
"Will He no more relent?
"For ever is His mercy gone,
"His word of promise spent

"To coming years? hath God above
"Forgotten to be good?
"And seal'd the bowels of His love
"In unforgiving mood?"

PART II.

Then said I, " 'Tis my sickening heart:"—
But O ye years of God's right hand,
Not yet with thoughts of you I part:
Far, far and wide, what Heaven hath plann'd,
I would rehearse; in memory deep
Thy wonders of old time I keep.

In musings high Thy work I trace,
Thy glorious deeds I tell abroad:
God's way is in the Holy Place;
Who is a great God like our God?
O wonder-working Lord of light!
Thou bidd'st the nations own Thy might.

Thou with strong arm Thine own hast freed,
Even Jacob and his darling Son;
The waters saw Thee, and gave heed,
The waters saw Thee, and are gone;
The caves of Ocean fear'd Thee, Lord,
Their waste of rain the dark clouds pour'd.

The deeps of Heaven gave out their sound,
A thousand ways Thy shafts were hurl'd,

Thine eddying thunder roll'd around,
Thy keen fires lighten'd all the world:
They start, they tremble; earth and sea
Are fled away, for fear of Thee.

Thy way is in the sea, O God,
Along the many waters dark
Thy viewless path: where Thou hast trod,
No heart may guess, no eye may mark.
Like sheep Thou leddest Thy true band
By Moses' rod and Aaron's hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

PART I.

My people, to my law attend,
Your ear to mine instruction bend;—
Of deep and secret lore
My mouth shall muse, a flowing fount
Of hidden wisdom, and recount
Dark sentences of yore.

Our ears have heard; we know them well:
The tale our fathers us'd to tell
We to their children owe,

Declaring to the coming days
The might of God, His endless praise,
His wonders wrought below:

And how His witness sure He seal'd
To Jacob, and His law reveal'd
For Israel's heritage;
And how He bade our fathers old
Their children teach, nor leave untold
Of Him the coming age.

Let sons be born, arise, and speed
The warning onward to their seed,
To trust the Lord Most High,
And not forget the works of God,
But keep His laws, and own His rod,
And mark His guiding eye:

Nor yet their fathers' footsteps trace,
A froward and disloyal race,
A race infirm of heart,
Of soul to God untrue; they turn'd,
Ev'n Ephraim, when the battle burn'd,
Though arm'd with bow and dart.

With God they brake their holy band,
They spurn'd His law and guiding hand,

His glorious deeds forgot,
His signs and wonders in their sight,
His works of high mysterious might
Before their fathers wrought.

Their fathers saw His Arm reveal'd
In Egypt's land, on Zoan's field,
What time He clave the deep,
And led them o'er from strand to strand,
And bade the wave on either hand
Arise, a solid heap.

PART II.

True Shepherd! with His cloud by day,
And with His fiery light
He guided them all night:
Like deeps along the desert way
He cleaves the flinty rock,
And waters all His flock.

He call'd, and from the craggy stone
The living water gush'd;—
In torrents down it rush'd:
And yet they sinn'd and murmur'd on:
Through all their barren road
They vex'd their guardian God.

And they have tempted God in heart,
And challeng'd Him to fill
And feed their lawless will:
Against the Lord they spake apart;
" Can God a table spread,
" Where all is waste and dead?

" The stony rock we saw Him smite,
" And water gush'd amain,
" And o'er the thirsty plain
" The flood came dashing in its might:—
" Can He give bread? or find
" Flesh to His people's mind?"

With that He heard, our glorious God,
And pour'd out all His ire;
On Jacob fell His fire,
His wrath on Israel blaz'd abroad:
For they disown'd the Just,
Nor in His love would trust,

Though He command bright clouds from heaven;
The doors on high, flung wide,
A gracious rain supplied,
And manna for their food was given,
Celestial food, His dole
To every weary soul.

Not one but ate of Angels' bread;
Full measure, day by day,
He strew'd it on their way;
And now thy wing He bids thee spread,
Thou eastern gale; His might
The south-wind guides aright.

Flesh, thick as dust on desert plains,
And feathered fowl, as sand
Upon the Ocean strand,
Amid the camp His bounty rains:
In drifted heaps around,
The wondrous shower was found.

And they have eaten and are cloy'd;
What lawless fancy sought
Full close to them He brought;
Their base desire they full enjoy'd:
And now their meat is won,
They feast and hunger on.

As yet 'tis whole their mouths within,
And, lo! the wrath of God
Is blazing all abroad:
He slew their wealthiest in their sin;
Their chosen He bow'd down,
His Israel's hope and crown.

PART III.

And still they sinn'd, and knew no faith,
With all His saving wonders grac'd:
He bade their days be empty breath,
Their years in sorrow run to waste.

They sought Him when His sword was drawn,
They turn'd all cowering and dismay'd:
They turn'd and sought their God at morn,
Their heart remembered God their Aid.

The Lord, th' Avenger of their right,
They thought on Him a little while:—
They did but flatter in His sight,
They spake Him fair with hearts of guile.

Their soul on Him refus'd to lean,
His plighted troth they would not trust;
Yet He most gracious, spar'd their sin,
Nor dash'd them to the silent dust.

Full oft He turn'd His wrath away,
Nor let His whole displeasure rise;
He said in heart, "Weak flesh are they,
"A passing wind, that breathes and dies."

How oft in wild and scornful thought
They brav'd Him in the desert plain,
They vex'd Him in the land of drought,
They turn'd and tempted God again!

They fondly sought to curb and stay
The power of Israel's Holy One,
Forgat His Hand, forgat His Day,
Their souls from anguish how He won:

In Egypt how His signs He shew'd,
In Zoan's field dread witness gave;
With blood her thousand waters flow'd;—
Men stoop and loathe the wonted wave.

Destroying frogs, devouring flies,
His wrath let loose on all their realm,
For harmful worms their harvests rise,
Their labours locusts overwhelm.

With darted hail, and parching frost,
Their fig-trees and their vines he slew,
Their herds in eddying sleet were lost,
Amid their flocks His lightnings flew.

His burning anger He unchain'd,
Zeal, anguish sore, tempestuous wrath,

Dark Angels for His scourge ordain'd,—
He marks them out an open path.

For His own ire He smooths the way,
He hath not spar'd their souls from death,
But shut them in, a hopeless prey,
To breathe the Plague's wide-wasting breath;

And smote all Egypt's eldest-born,
In tents of Ham the chief of might;
But rous'd His own like sheep at morn,
The guardian of their lonely flight.

He led them on—their hearts were bold,
No hurry, no dismay, they found:
Their foes—deep Ocean o'er them roll'd,
He brought them to His holy ground,

The border He had mark'd and bless'd;—
This mountain God's right arm hath won:
His power the heathen dispossess'd
Before the tribes He lov'd to own.

O'er all, the victor's lot He cast,
A heritage by Him decreed,
And in their tents, for ever fast,
The sceptres set of Israel's seed.

PART IV.

And still they tempted, still rebell'd,
Nor by the will and witness held
Of their all-glorious God:
But turn'd their backs, and fell away:
Ev'n as their fathers, so did they;
They started all abroad,

All faithless as a broken bow:
The lonely hills their altars shew
To grieve their King on high:
With carved gods of wood and stone,
They dare and vex the Jealous One:—
He heard, for He was nigh.

The Lord hath heard, and He is wroth,
And deeply they have made him loathe
His chosen Israel:
His tent in Shiloh He profan'd,
The tabernacle where He deign'd
In sight of men to dwell.

His Power to exile and to thrall
He gave, His Beauty low to fall,
By rude unsparing foes;

His wrath upon His people pour'd,
And bound and left them to the sword,
Whom for His own He chose.

His chosen youth, His warlike prime,
The fire consum'd ; no nuptial chime
Before His maidens pass'd.
His priests fell gasping on the sword,
No widow left to weep her lord;—
But God awoke at last.

The Lord's long slumber is gone by,
Like warrior proud with cheering cry
Awak'ning from the wine:
Their hinder parts His Arm hath found,
Dealt on His foes the shameful wound,
Th' undying brand divine.

Yet He the tabernacle spurn'd
Of Joseph, nor to Ephraim turn'd,
The tribe He chose of yore ;
In Judah now, His own approv'd,
On Sion's mount, which He had lov'd,
He dwells for evermore.

Like loftiest peaks in mountain air,
His holy home He builded there,

With His own earth to stand:
And David mark'd, His liegeman true,
And from the lonely sheep-fold drew
A Pastor for His land.

Him from behind the suckling ewes
The Lord to feed His Israel chose,
To watch by Jacob's side;
And by his true and faithful heart,
And by his hand's unerring art,
He reigns, their guard and guide.

PSALM LXXIX.

PART I.

Lord, the heathen bands have come,
Rush'd within Thy shrine and home,
Marr'd and stain'd Thy holy dome,
Laid on heaps Thine own high place.

Corses of Thy liegemen true
To the fowls of Heav'n they threw;
Ranging round, the forest crew
Feeds on Thine anointed race.

Blood as water they have shed,
Blood of Thy brave loyal dead,
Round Thy towers ; and none to spread
Earth upon their resting-place.

Lo ! our neighbours' scoff we lie,
Scorn and shame of every eye :—
How long hide, O Thou Most High,
Ever hide Thy wrathful face ?

How long in Thy jealous mood
Burn like fire ? on heathens rude
Pour Thy wrath, the senseless brood,
Scorners of Thy Name and Grace ;

On the regions, where no prayer
To Thy Name hath ris'n—for there
Dwells, who Jacob rav'ning tare,
Swept his bow'rs in ruthless chace.

PART II.

O Lord, against us treasure not
What ill our fathers wrought ;
Haste, let Thy mercy go before,
For we are wasted sore.

God of our health! our part to take,
Arise, for Thy Name's sake:
Win us, for glory of Thy Name,
And cover all our blame.

Why should the heathen say, "Where now
"Is God, their hope and vow?"
Now let them own Him—in our sight
The heathen own His might.

For life-blood of His servants shed
See they His vengeance sped.
Even now it comes;—the prisoner's moan
Is wafted to Thy throne.

Lord, by Thine own strong arm unbind
The souls to death assign'd;
Who gird us in with fell despite,
Sevenfold do Thou requite.

What shame they sham'd Thee with, O Lord,
To their own breasts award:
So we that are Thy nation seal'd,
The flock of Thine own field,

Will give Thee thanks for evermore,
Thy praises onward pour;

And ages, as they rise and fleet,
Thy glorious Name shall greet.

PSALM LXXX.

Shepherd of Israel, lean Thine ear,
Who guidest like a sheep
Thy servant Joseph :—Lord, appear,
Shine from Thy glorious steep.

On Cherubim enthroned shrine ;
Before Thy tribes array'd,
Manasses, Ephraim, Benjamin,
Arouse Thee to our aid.

Awaken all Thy saving might,
Restore us, Lord, to Thee,
Shew us Thine eyes' endearing light,
And then full safe are we.

Power of all armies, Lord most high,
Hast Thou for aye denied
Thy people's prayer and wistful cry,
As altar-smoke blown wide?

The bread Thou giv'st them, Lord, to break,
Is weeping, woe, and fears;
Full measure, from Thy hand they take
Their daily draught of tears.

Thou mak'st us to each bordering realm
A prize of reckless strife,
Our foes with mockery overwhelm
Our peace, our name, our life.

Thou, of all hosts the Power and Might,
Restore us, Lord, to Thee:
Shew us Thine eyes' endearing light,
And then full safe are we.

PART II.

Thine Arm from Egypt bore
A vine elect and fair,
Full many a heathen plant uptore,
And set Thy chosen there.

Thou mad'st her bounteous room,
She found a fruitful bed,
And fill'd the land: her leafy gloom
The mountains overspread.

Cedars of God, her shoots,
Her boughs the far sea knows,
And many a nursling, from her roots,
By the great River grows.

Why would'st Thou rend her hedge,
Till each rude wanderer found
Her vintage free? till wild-boar edge
His gnarled tusks around?

Wild boar from forest brake,
All herds from heath and moor,
Are grazing there—O Lord, awake,
Turn as in days of yore.

Power of a thousand hosts,
O now Thy glance incline!
Look down from Thy celestial coasts,
And visit, Lord, this vine:

Her Root and spreading base
By Thy right arm assign'd,
The BRANCH by Thy Almighty Grace
Made glorious to Thy mind.

Behold her burn'd with fire,
Her fragments hewn away;—

They perish at Thy glance of ire—
Yet be Thine arm our stay:

Thine arm in mercy laid
On Him of Thy right Hand,
The Son of Man, whom Thou hast made
Strong in Thy light to stand.

So never may we fall
From Thee to sin and shame;
O bid us live, and we will call
For ever on Thy Name.

Thou, of all hosts the Might,
Turn us, Lord God, to Thee;
Shew us Thine eyes' endearing light,
And then full safe are we.

PSALM LXXXI.

PART I.

Sing ye to the Lord our Might,
Shout for joy to Jacob's King,
Swell the chaunt, the timbrel smite,
Let sweet harp and psaltery ring:

Sound your trumpet-welcome clear
To the Moon's returning ray,
When her orb is full and near:
Sound, in our high solemn day.

Is not this our Israel's law,
With our God a judgment sure?
Years of yore this witness saw,
Fix'd with Joseph to endure,

When o'er Egypt's land He went,
When a tongue I never knew
To mine ear its echoes sent,
Welcomes of a wondering crew.

" From his neck the load I shook,
" I the word of rescue give;—
" Never more in slavish nook
" Shall his free arm burthens heave.

" Thou didst call in woeful hour,
" I gave ear, to win thy life,
" In my thunder's darksome bower;—
" Prov'd thee by the fount of strife.

PART II.

" Hear ye, Mine own—I summon near
" A witness grave and dark
" Against thee, Israel: if thine ear
" My warning voice would mark.

" I said, ' No God in thee shall live
" That heathen realms adore,
" No alien power shalt thou receive
" To bow and kneel before.

" JEHOVAH, thine own Saviour tried,
" Am I: My sovereign will
" From Egypt bore thee; open wide
" Thy mouth, for Me to fill.'

" I spake:—My people scorn'd My voice,
" Israel of Me would none:
" So at their own heart's froward choice
" I let them rove alone.

" Their own wild line I bade them draw—
" But O! might Israel's ear
" Discern! the nation of My law
" Before Me walk in fear!

" Soon would I beat th' opposers down,
" Mine arm would turn once more
" Their triumph o'er their foes to crown,
" And crush them o'er and o'er.

" Soon would the haters of the Lord
" Their feign'd obedience yield;
" While endless life for these is stor'd,
" Their portion sworn and seal'd.

" So had He spread them out His stock
" Of kernell'd wheat at will;
" So had I pour'd thee from the rock
" Mine honied store, thy fill."

PSALM LXXXII.

God in His own high council stands,
A Judge of gods is He.—
" How long accept the lawless bands,
" The wrongful word decree?

" Judge ye the weak and fatherless,
" Do right to low and poor,
" The weak and needy soul redress,
" From sinners' arm ensure."

They have not known, they may not heed,
In darkness wildly driven:—
Earth's pillars quake:—I said indeed,
"Gods are ye, sons of Heaven:

"Sons are ye all of God Most High:
"Yet sure as men ye fall,
"As other chiefs in years gone by,
"Death overtakes you all."

Rise, mighty God, and judge the earth,
Till o'er each heathen throne
Thy line imperial have gone forth,
Till all be made Thine own.

PSALM LXXXIII.

PART I.

O Lord, be deaf and still no more,
Lord, hush Thee not: for, lo! they roar,
Who hate Thee; all Thine enemies
Have lift on high their haughty eyes.

In wily council they have met
Against Thine own,—in guile beset
The shelter'd of Thy love: they say,
" Come, let us hew them clean away:

" Come, let their realm be spent and o'er,
" The name of Israel nam'd no more."
Thus have they banded with one will
An oath against Thee, Lord, to seal.

The tents of Edom, Ishmael keen,
The Moabite and Nazarene,
The Red Sea border, Ammon's line,
Fierce Amalek and Palestine;

With all that haunt the sands of Tyre;
Even haughty Ashur deign'd conspire
With these; a strong right arm in need
To Lot's o'erweening, restless seed.

PART II.

But deal Thou with them, mighty Lord,
As erst with Midian's brood,
With Sisera's car and Jabin's horde,
By Kishon's sweeping flood.

At Endor they were cast away,
A refuse heap on earth:—
As Zeeb, and Oreb, perish they,
And theirs, of haughtiest birth.

As Zebah and Zalmunnah died,
So fall their champions bold,
Who said, "Now take we and divide
"God's portion, field and fold."

My God, as rolling thistle-down,
As chaff before the gale,
So make them; or as fires that drown
The crashing forest vale:

As sheeted flame, the mountain heath
Enwrapping far around;
So fray them with Thy whirlwind's breath,
And with Thy storm confound.

Their faces with Thy brand of shame,
Thou great Jehovah, fill,
That they may seek Thy glorious Name,
Still sham'd, and wildering still;

Sham'd more and more, reproach'd, forlorn;
Till Thy great Name they own,

Jehovah, high in power upborne
O'er all the earth alone.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How pleasant, Lord of hosts, how dear
The tents of Thine abode!
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own God.

My heart and flesh to Thee would chant
The living God and blest:—
The sparrow, she hath found her haunt,
The swallow knows her nest,

Her home where cow'rs her callow brood,
Thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
Whom for her God and Monarch good
My soul adoring boasts.

O blest, who dwell around Thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise,
Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
Who bear in heart Thy ways.

Who as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill;
Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
Come mantling, soft and still.

They will go on from strength to strength,
Each to the mighty God
In Sion they appear at length,
O'er-past their weary road.

Power of all armies, God our Lord,
My prayer in mercy crown;
Thou Jacob's God, Thine ear afford,
O God, our Shield, look down.

Behold Thine own, th' anointed brow,
For in Thy courts one day
Is better than a thousand: now
And ever, there I stay.

The threshold of my Father's home
To keep, my heart hath vow'd,
And not in tabernacles roam
Of restless men and proud.

For a bright Sun, a Shield of power,
Is God our own true Lord:

Glory and grace the Lord will shower,
Nor seal His mercy's hoard.

He will not spare ;—His very best,
Who walk in pureness, find.—
O Lord of Hosts, that man is blest,
Who lives to Thee resign'd.

PSALM LXXXV.

Lord, Thine heart in love hath yearn'd
On Thy lost and fallen land:
Israel's face is homeward turn'd,
Thou hast freed Thy captive band:
Thou hast borne Thy people's sin,
Cover'd all their deeds of ill,
All Thy wrath is gather'd in,
And Thy burning anger still.

Turn us, stay us, now once more,
God of all our health and peace ;
Let Thy cloud of wrath fleet o'er,
From Thine own Thy fury cease.

Wilt Thou ne'er the storm assuage
On the realm of Thy desire,
Lengthening out from age to age
Thy consuming jealous ire?

Art Thou not a God to turn,
Turn, and be our life again,
That Thy people's heart may burn
With the gladness of Thy reign?
Shew us now Thy tender love,
Thy salvation, Lord, impart.—
I the voice divine would prove,
Listening in my silent heart:

Listening what the Lord will say:—
"Peace," to all that own His will,
To His saints that love His way,
"Peace," and "turn no more to ill."
Ye that fear Him, nigh at hand
Now His saving health ye find,
That the Glory in our land,
As of old, may dwell enshrin'd.

Mercy now and Justice meet,
Peace and Truth for aye embrace,
Truth from earth is springing sweet,
Justice looks from her high place.

Nor will God His goodness stay,
Nor our land her bounteous store;
Marking out her Maker's way,
Righteousness shall go before.

PSALM LXXXVI.

PART I.

O Lord, bow down Thine ear and hear:
Poor am I, low and lone,
Preserve My soul, for I am dear
And holy, all Thine own.

Thy servant save, who trusts in Thee,
Mine own true God, I pray:
Lord, in Thy mercy look on Me,
To Thee I mourn all day.

Cheer Thou My heart and loyal mind,
The heart that fain would rise
To Thee, O Lord: for Thou art kind,
Of mild forgiving eyes;

Plenteous in love, the souls to spare
That own Thee and believe:—
Lord, hear My call; My voice in prayer
With open ear receive.

Thee only, Lord—on Thee I call
In day of My distress,
For sure an answering word will fall
From Thee to soothe and bless.

PART II.

My sovereign Master, mid all gods
None is as Thou,—no work as Thine.
Lo, hastening from their far abodes,
They cast them down before Thy shrine:

All realms whom Thou hast made, O Lord,
Give glory to Thy Name and Throne,
For Thou art great;—with Thee are stor'd
All wondrous deeds, Thou God alone.

Shew me, O Lord, Thy pathway clear,
And in Thy truth I'll walk entire;
Bind close my heart, Thy Name to fear,
That I, with all my soul's desire,

May praise Thee, Lord my God, and make
Thy Name aye glorious :—I will tell
Thy great love o'er me ;—Thou didst take
My spirit from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud against me rise,
Leagu'd tyrants on my soul have set,
And hid from Thee their wilful eyes :—
But Thou art good and gracious yet.

Mine own long suffering God art Thou,
To anger slow, in truth and love
How rich! O turn benignly now,
Thy power upon Thy servant prove:

Relieve, release Thine Handmaid's son,
A sign for good upon me shew,
Till my sham'd foes behold and own
Thee, Lord, mine aid, my balm in woe.

PSALM LXXXVII.

God's foundation towers for ever,
On the holy mountain towers;
Sion's gates the Lord will favour
More than Jacob's thousand bowers.

Glorious deeds are all Thy story,
God's eternal tower and mount!
Rahab now, and Babel's glory
With my votaries I will count.

Mark ye well Philistia's region,
Tyre, and where the Cushites roam;
There was born yon holy legion,
Thence to find our God they come.

Now of Sion shall be chanted,
"Saint on Saint, in her they spring:—
"His own arm her wall hath planted,
"Her eternal glorious King."

God shall say, His tribes enrolling,
"Here he sprang, mine own was he."—
Swell the song, the dance controlling:
"All my fresh springs are in Thee."

PSALM LXXXVIII.

PART I.

Lord God of My redeeming health,
To Thee all day I cry,
All night before Thee:—let My prayer
Find out Thy pitying eye.

Bow down and hear My mournful chant:
My soul is steep'd in woe,
My life is trembling on the edge
Of that dark world below.

With those who to the grave go down,
And make their lowly bed,
Behold Me rank'd; a helpless Man,
At large among the dead.

As men pierc'd through, as corses hid
Low in the silent tomb,
Whom Thou rememberest, Lord, no more,
Who bear an outcast's doom:—

Where are they? sever'd from Thy hand,
And thrown for ever by:—
Thou whelm'st Me in the drear abyss,
Below all depths I lie.

From gloom to gloom I sink forlorn,
From deep to lower deep,
And heavy on Me leans Thy wrath,
And all Thy billows sweep:

They bear Me down, Thou driv'st afar
Each kind familiar eye;—

Thou bidd'st them loathe Me; prison bars
Are round; I cannot fly.

PART II.

Mine eye hath pin'd away
For grief and withering dread:
On Thee, O Lord, I cry all day,
To Thee My hands I spread.

Wilt Thou beneath the tomb
Work out Thy wondrous ways?
Shall mighty ones from earth's dark womb
Stand up, and shew Thy praise?

Thy deep mysterious might
Can darkness well adore?
Thy judgments who shall own aright
On dim Oblivion's shore?

And I—Mine earnest vow
To Thee, O Lord, is borne:
Before Thy mercy-seat I bow
In prayer at prime of morn.

Why is My soul abhorr'd?
Why hide Thy face away?
Forlorn and wan from youth, O Lord,
A dying Man all day.

Thy terrors Me o'ercast
With sickening dizzy thought,
Thy fires of wrath have o'er Me past,
Thy scaring sounds have caught.

I am undone; all day
They compass Me around,
As waters wild; with deepening sway
They whelm Me and confound.

Lover and friend are gone,
Thou driv'st them far and wide;
Where are the hearts I us'd to own?—
'Tis dark on every side.

PSALM LXXXIX.

PART I.

The mercies of the Lord my God
I sing for evermore,
From age to age I tell abroad
His truth, whom I adore.

For I have said, For ever sure
The throne of mercy stands:
The Heavens, they see Thy truth endure,
Thou bind'st th' eternal bands.—

" A promise to Mine own I seal'd
" With offerings and with blood;
" An oath to David I reveal'd,
" My vassal true and good.

" A seed and endless heritage
" I give thee for thine own,
" And I have built from age to age
" Thine high imperial throne."

For this, O Lord, the heavens resound
Thy wonder ever nigh,
Thy truth amid the chosen round
Of holy ones on high.

PART II.

And " who," they sing, " in purest Heaven
" With our Almighty Lord may vie?
" To which of all the gods is given
" The likeness of the Lord Most High?

" A God of terror and deep awe,
" Amid the unseen thrones is He,
" The powers around their eyes withdraw
" For dread of His high Majesty.

" O Lord of armies, Israel's Lord,
" Who is as Thou, a God of might?
" And all around Thee Thou hast pour'd
" Thine own eternal Truth and Light.

" Thou rul'st the raging of the sea,
" Thou still'st his waves when they arise:
" Proud Egypt, bruis'd and slain by Thee,
" An outcast trampled carcase lies.

" Scattering Thy foes with mighty hand,
" The Heavens are Thine, and Thine the earth,
" Thou lay'st the roots of sea and land,
Thou storest all with life and mirth.

" Thee, north and south their Maker own,
" Thy mountains triumph in Thy Name,
" Both Hermon moist, and Tabor lone,
" They wait on Thee with glad acclaim.

" Thou hast a warrior's arm of might,
" A powerful hand is Thine, O Lord,

" A right hand lifted in the light,
" A wondrous work, a faithful word.

" In judgment and in righteousness
" Thy Throne is builded deep and fast;
" Mercy and truth before Thy face,
" Fair harbingers, have sweetly pass'd.

" O blessed are the tribes that know
" The joyful sound, the trump of God,
" Who in Thy light still onward go,
" Thine aspect brightening all their road:

" Who in Thy Name all day delight,
" By righteousness from Thee upborne;
" Thou art the glory of their might,
" Thy loving-kindness lifts our horn.

" For look who dwells in Heaven alone,
" Th' Upholder of our shield is He;
" Look up to Israel's Holy One,
" We are all His, our King and we."

PART III.

Then to Thy loyal saint of old
In vision was Thy secret told;—
" My Champion see, on Whom I laid
" My task of high defence and aid.

" Elect of all My realm and race,
" I lift Him to a glorious place;
" My servant David I have won,
" Mine holy oil hath mark'd Mine own.

" My Hand with His shall fast entwine,
" The Arm that stays Him shall be Mine:
" In Him no gain to wily foe,
" No child of ill shall lay Him low.

" Out of His path His foes I trod,
" His haters feel the scourge of God;
" My love and mercy He shall claim,
" Towers high His horn by My great Name.

" I spread the shadow of His reign
" Far in the darkening western main;
" The orient floods by Me obey
" The right hand of His sovereign sway.

" He prays, ' My Father and My God,
' My Rock of health, My sure Abode :'—
" And I ordain Him right of birth,
" Most high above the kings of earth.

" My mercy o'er Him shall endure,
" My covenant stand for ever sure ;
" An endless seed to Him is given,
" A throne to last like days of Heaven.

" If child of His My law deny,
" And walk no more with Me on high,
" Mine holy barriers scorn and break,
" The way that I have bless'd forsake,

" I wave along his wilful path
" My sceptre of unerring wrath,
" With stripes My wanderer I recall—
" But not for ever let him fall :

" I draw not back eternally
" My kindness, nor My truth belie ;
" Unalter'd, unprofan'd, I hold
" The oath that pass'd My lips of old.

" Once have I sworn in holiness,
" Once and for ever I will bless ;

" Nor e'er may fail the plighted word,
" Vouchsaf'd to David from his Lord.

" His seed an endless course shall run,
" His throne before Me as the Sun,
" Eternal as the Moon's bright round;
" This witness shall in Heaven be found."

PART IV.

But Thou hast loath'd and spurn'd Thy royal Child,
The covenant of Thy Holy One defac'd,
His crown in anger trampled and defil'd,
Uptorn His fences, laid His towers to waste.

Men spoil Him as they pass along the way,
And all around He hears the scorner's voice;
His enemies' right arm with strength and sway
Thou hast lift up, and made His foes rejoice.

Thou turn'st the edge of His victorious sword,
He shrinks and yields before the battle cry;
His diadem of light is quench'd, O Lord,
And dash'd to earth His throne of Majesty.

His days of youth untimely mown away,
And wrapt by Thee in shame, behold He lies;—
How long, O Lord, wilt Thou avert Thy ray?
For ever must Thy burning anger rise?

Remember me, how frail—O why in vain
O'er helpless mortals breathe this transient breath?
Who lives, and shall not see corruption's reign?
Who frees his spirit from the power of death?

Lord, where is now Thine old primeval love,
To David in Thy truth and mercy sworn?
O think upon the shame Thy servants prove,
The many nations in my bosom borne,

The burden of Thy tribes, and how Thy foes
Have slander'd, Lord, have slander'd o'er and o'er,
His lingering footsteps, whom Thy mercy chose,
Whose Name, with Thine, is blest for evermore.

PSALM XC.

O Lord, of yore to Thy redeem'd
Thou art a refuge tried,
Before the hills were born, ere teem'd
The earth and world so wide.

From everlasting Thou art Lord;
And though Thou grind again
Man to his dust, we hear Thy word,
"Return, ye sons of men."

For tho' we tell a thousand year,
What is it in Thy sight?
As yesterday it doth appear,
And as a watch by night.

For they are number'd, they will pass,
Down by Thy torrent borne,
Gone like a slumber, ev'n as grass,
They spring at early morn:

Fresh in the morn they bloom and spring,—
The sweeping scythe is nigh,
And ere the birds of evening sing,
A wither'd heap they lie.

'Twas in Thy wrath we pin'd away,
Thy burning anger scar'd,
What time beneath Thine aweful ray,
Our evil, Lord, lay bar'd.

Our hidden mischief Thou hast plac'd
Full in Thine eye's dread beam,

Our days before Thee wear and waste,
A tale twice told they seem.

The years of all our weary life
Are as one heavy sigh;
Threescore and ten, a weary strife—
We count them and we die.

Or if in might and prowess tried
They come to fourscore years,
'Tis but a dream of toil, their pride,
Cut off with hasty shears.

So early nipp'd, we fade and flee—
But who Thine ire discerns,
How dread, how deep Thy fear should be,
Deep as Thine anger burns?

Thus learn us, Lord, to count our days,
Till we, with purpose strong,
A wise heart offer to Thy praise;—
Return, O Lord—how long?—

Turn and relent, Thy servants o'er,
And bid our souls o'erflow
At morning with Thy mercies store,
Our hearts for ever glow;

Glow whilst we live, with joy and praise—
O now in joy fulfil
The measure of Thy chast'ning days,
The years we look'd on ill.

Haste, to Thy servants in their need
Thy work of power display,
Thy light and glory in their seed,
The sweetness of Thy ray;

The sweetness of the Lord our God
Brood o'er us and abide;
O guide our doings with Thy rod,
Our work and council guide.

PSALM XCI.

PART I.

Who makes on high his sure abode
In secret with our God,
Beneath Thy shadow, Lord of light,
Dwells fearless all the night.

I said unto the Lord of old,
"Mine Hope, and my Strong-Hold!
"My God, on Him my soul would lean
"In purest faith serene."

For He shall free thee from the net
The wily hunter set;
From plague and all her loathsome woes,
God is thy sure repose.

His pinions and His brooding breast
Thy refuge are and rest,
His faith and truth from Heav'n reveal'd
To be thy spear and shield.

No hovering terror of the night
Thy spirit may affright;
No shaft that flies in open day
O'ertake thee on thy way.

No evil thing, dark-roaming dire,
At noon, no dæmon fire
To blast and mar: though thousands died
Around thee and beside,

Fall'n on the right though myriads be,
It comes not nigh to thee:
Only thine eyes shall see, and read
The sinner's fearful meed.

PART II.

" Because my soul on Thee for aid,
" Almighty Lord, unwavering stay'd:"
Yes—thou hast made the Lord Most High
Thine Home and Shelter ever nigh:

For this no ill thy course shall daunt,
No scourge thy tabernacle haunt;
For He hath given His angels charge
To keep Thee where Thou walk'st at large;

High in their arms to lift His Own,
Nor dash Thy foot against a stone;
O'er asp and lion Thou shalt go,
Crush lion's whelp, lay dragon low.

" In loyal love to Me He clave,
" I free, I lift Him o'er the wave;
" I lift Him high, for He hath known
" My Name; His voice in prayer I own;

" In woe behold Me at His side,
" Deliverer sure, exalting Guide:
" I fill His heart with length of days,
" And shew Him all My saving ways."

PSALM XCII.

'Tis good to thank the mighty God,
To chant Thy Name, O Thou Most High,
To tell at morn Thy love abroad,
Thy truth beneath the midnight sky;
With ten-string'd lute and lyre so sweet,
Deep thoughtful chords, with harpings meet:—
For with Thy work and high employ
Thou cheer'st me, Lord; I sing for joy.

Thy works, O Lord, how wondrous great;
Low in the deep Thy counsels dwell:
Man knows not in his blind estate,
No heart unwise this lore may spell.
When green as grass th' ungodly grow,
When evil men all brightly shew;
'Tis but to waste eternally—
But Thou art still our Tower on high.

Behold, Thy rebels, Lord, behold,
Thy rebels perish; sinners all
Fly diverse, like a scatter'd fold:—
As wild-deer towering, bold and tall—

Thou lift'st mine horn ; so freshly beams
The pure glad oil that o'er me streams:
Mine eye shall watch my foe, mine ear
Of sinners' wrath and ruin hear.

As flowering palm the just shall shew,
As mountain cedar waving broad:
Set in the Lord's own house, they grow,
In holiest precincts of our God.
These in hoar age more fruit shall bear,
For ever glowing, green and fair,
To shew how true the Lord mine Aid,
How bright, how clear from evil shade.

PSALM XCIII.

God the Lord a King remaineth,
Rob'd in His own glorious light,
God hath rob'd Him, and He reigneth
He hath girded Him with might.—
Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
Earth is pois'd, to swerve no more;

Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Hallelujah!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Hallelujah!
For the Ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep,
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on Heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

PSALM XCIV.

PART I.

Lord God of vengeance, shew Thy light,
Arise, the haughty man requite,
Thou God of vengeance, Judge of earth:
How long may sinners, mighty God,
How long may sinners scorn Thy rod,
With hard proud words, and impious mirth?

How long shall evil-doers teach,
And vaunt them in all lawless speech?
They crush Thy people in their way,
They bruise and vex Thine heritage,
They murder widows in their rage,
The stranger and the orphan slay.

And yet, "God will not see," they say,
"The God of Jacob turns away."—
Take heed, ye dull unreasoning kind;
Ye simple, when will ye draw near?
Can He be deaf who fix'd the ear,
The Framer of the eye be blind?

Will He withdraw th' avenging Hand,
Whose chastenings are in every land,
Teacher of truth to mortal man?
Each deep device of our frail heart,
How wild they spring, how vain depart,
All-seeing Lord, Thine eyelids scan.

PART II.

Thy chastening arm who meekly feels,
That man is deeply blest,
To whom Thy mercy, Lord, reveals
Thy law, to give him rest:

To give him rest and shelter sweet
In days of evil doom,
Till God for sinners in the pit
Have hewn out ample room.

For He will ne'er forsake His own,
Nor fail His favour'd reign:
Truth shall resume her judgment throne,
With her unswerving train.

" Who will rise up my cause to plead
" Against th' oppressors' throng?
" Who stand by me in hour of need,
" When evil men are strong?"

Except JEHOVAH were mine aid,
One moment—and my heart
In silence and in deadly shade
Had found her hopeless part.

But oft as I in sadness cried,
" My foot hath slipt, I fall,"
I find th' Upholder at my side,—
Thy mercy, Lord of all.

While many a roving dream and care
Comes o'er me deep and sad,
My wild thoughts branching here and there,
Thy comforts make me glad.

Can thrones of wrong, on mischief set,
With Thine associate be?
Whose law is guile, whose ways abet
What evil powers decree?

Against the righteous soul they band,
Condemn the guiltless blood.—

O Lord, on Thee secure I stand,
My fortress sure and good.

Even now on them the Lord will pour
Their own iniquity,
Still'd are they in their haughty hour;
Thou still'st them, Lord Most High.

PSALM XCV.

Come, let us to the Lord sing out
With trumpet voice, and choral shout,
The Rock of our salvation praise,
Him early seek with thankful lays.

To Him let all our anthems ring—
"A mighty God is Israel's King,
"A mighty King above all gods,"
He holds in hand the dark abodes.

Earth's corners deep in hand He holds,
His are the mountain's lofty folds,
His the wide sea, His work of yore,
His finger trac'd the winding shore.

Come, let us kneel, bow down and fall
To the great God who made us all;
He is our God, His pastoral band
Are we, the sheep of His own Hand.

Even now 'tis so;—this day, this hour;
If ye will hear His word of power:—
" My people, harden ye no more
" Your heart, as in the wild of yore;

" As in the day of strife, the day
" Of dark temptation on the way,
" What time your sires would tempt and try
" My sovereign Arm, and found Me nigh.

" They saw My works: the froward kind,
" Full forty years with loathing mind
" I bare: I said, O far astray,
" A race of wildering heart, are they:

" For they have scorn'd to know My path
" And counsel high: to whom in wrath
" I spake, and sware a doom unblest;
" ' They shall not enter in My rest.' "

PSALM XCVI.

Sing the song unheard before,
Sing the God whom we adore,
Sing, all earth, unto the Lord,
Praise His Name, and bless His Word.

Tidings tell, from day to day,
Of His high and saving way;
Shew all lands His glorious light,
Heathens all, His deeds of might.

Tell them, God is great always,
Prais'd, and high above all praise:
Thron'd in aweful majesty,
Far above all gods is He.

Heathen gods—frail gods are they,
Heaven He made Whom we obey.
Grace and honour round Him shine,
Power and splendour in His shrine.

Households of the realms abroad,
Bring ye to the Lord our God,
Bring ye to the Lord aright,
Glory and eternal might.

To the Lord Whom we proclaim,
Bring the glory of His Name;
With th' unbloody offering come,
Enter in the holiest room.

Own the Lord with prostrate heart,
In His beauty high apart;
Shrink, all earth, before His face;
Speak to every realm and race;

Tell it out, "JEHOVAH reigns:
"Fix'd and sure the world remains;
"Fix'd, and leaning on His hand,
"Righteous Judge of every land."

Heaven is bright with bliss and mirth,
Springs for joy the solid earth;
Ocean with his thundering tones
Through his worlds the rapture owns;

Field exults and meadow fair,
With each bud and blossom there;
In the lonely woodlands now
Chants aloud each rustling bough,

Chants before th' all-judging Lord:—
See, He comes, He comes ador'd,

Comes to judge the world aright,
Nations by His own true light.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord hath reign'd, and reigns: let earth
Arise in glad commotion;
Before Him rise in aweful mirth,
Ye thousand isles of ocean.
Deep cloud and darkness round Him fold,
High righteousness and truth uphold
The throne of His abiding.

Before Him goes a fire, to sweep
Away the faithless-hearted,
His bolts have pierc'd the mighty deep,
The wide earth saw and started.
Before Him mountains melt and flow,
As wax before the Lord they flow,
The whole earth's Lord and owner.

The heavens have told His righteousness,
The realms beheld His glory;—
Shame to the men who serve and bless
Carv'd forms, of mortal story;

Who in vain gods their joy and crown
Would find: to Him, ye gods, bow down,
Him worship, all ye Angels.

Glad Sion heard; 'twas joy and glee
To Judah's loyal daughters,
When of Thy judgments, Lord, and Thee,
Enthron'd o'er earth and waters,
The song went out; O Lord our Lord,
On high above all gods ador'd!—
"Love ye the Lord? loathe evil."—

Thou keep'st Thy chosen souls, O God,
Won safe from sinners' madness—
Light for the just is sown abroad,
For true hearts joyful gladness—
Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
And cherish with adoring voice
High thoughts of Him most holy.

PSALM XCVIII.

Sing to the Lord, the Lord Most High,
A new rejoicing melody;
For He hath wrought full gloriously,
Deliverance wrought alone.

He for Himself hath stay'd th' alarm,
His own right Hand, His holy Arm:
God hath reveal'd His healing charm,
His righteousness made known.

O'er heathen realms He bade them shine,
His love and truth to Israel's line
He call'd to mind, His way divine
To the world's end hath shone.

To God, for joy, all regions shout!
In voice and verse break fearless out,
Hymn ye the Lord with harp devout,
With harp and psalm's sweet tone.

Ring out, with horn and trumpet ring,
In shouts before the Lord the King:
Let ocean with his fulness swing
In restless unison:

Earth's round and all the dwellers there,
The mighty floods the burthen bear,
And clap the hand: in choral air
Join every mountain lone.

Tell out before the Lord, that He
Is come, the Judge of earth to be,

To judge the world in equity,
Do right to realm and throne.

PSALM XCIX.

God is King;—the nations quiver;
Cherub-thron'd;—the wide earth cowers:—
God in Sion, great for ever,
High o'er mortal thrones and towers;
High and dreadful
Own ye this great Lord of ours.

They have own'd Thy Name—'tis Holy,
Might of our all-glorious King:
Thou hast lov'd to right the lowly,
Equity on high to bring:
Truth and pureness,
At Thy word, in Israel spring.

Praise the Lord our God, and lowly
At the footstool of His feet,
Fall ye down, for He is Holy:—
Who to call on God are meet?
Whose deep sighing
Will His answering mercy greet?

Moses, Aaron His anointed,
'Mid His chosen priests and dear;
Samuel, whom His love appointed
Chief of hearts that own Him near:
These have call'd Him,
Call'd the Lord, and He gave ear.

From His pillar'd cloud of brightness
Gently spake He when they wept;
For in truth and hearts' uprightness
All His love and law they kept.
God our Saviour!
Thy kind answer never slept.

Thou wast yet their God forgiving,
While their doings earn'd Thy rod.—
Praise our Lord, the Ever-living;
Tow'rd the mount of His abode
Humbly falling.—
Holy is the Lord our God.

PSALM C.

Thou earth, and all that on thee dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know ye the Lord for God indeed,
He made us all, no arm of ours ;
We are His flock, His chosen seed,
The sheep of His own guarded bowers.

O enter then His gates with praise,
His courts with high and glad acclaim ;
Own Him your Lord in solemn lays,
Praise, laud, and bless th' Eternal Name.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His Mercy is for ever sure,
His Truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CI.

Mercy and Truth my song would be ;
To Thee, O Lord, I pour my lay ;
Mine be the wise true heart, to see
The sure and perfect way.

When wilt Thou come where I abide?
Lo! in my house with perfect heart
I walk ; nor have I wistful ey'd
The worthless, evil part.

I hate their work, who swerve to ill;
No spot of theirs on me be thrown!
Avaunt, I say, thou froward will,
No sinner I will own.

Who on his neighbour's name aside
Breathes slander, him I silence quite;
The haughty eye, the heart of pride,
I bear not in my sight.

Mine eyes the loyal of my land
Have mark'd, with me to dwell in love;
Who walks entire on either hand,
My servant he shall prove.

No fraud shall lurk beneath my roof,
No false one find a home with me,
The lying tongue must keep aloof,
Nor rest where I may see.

No miscreant in the land, but I
Will root him out ere morning prime,
Till from Thy city, Lord Most High,
I tear the brood of crime.

PSALM CII.

This is the mourner's prayer when he is faint,
And to th' Eternal Father breathes his plaint.

PART I.

Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry
To Thee find out a way,
Nor hide from me Thy pitying Eye,
Now in mine evil day;

Now in mine hour of earnest moan,
Lord, answer, Lord, make haste;
For all my days in smoke are gone,
My bones in fever waste,

Even as a brand upon the hearth:
My heart is smitten dead
As withering grass on parched earth,
For loathing of my bread.

Cleaves to my skin each weary bone
With pain and sighing sore:
As pelican that roves alone
The dreary desert o'er;

As owl that o'er some ruin'd heap
Sits cowering all the day;
As sparrow I my vigil keep
Alone on roof or spray.

My foes revile me all day long,
In cursing and in scorn
My name by all the frantic throng
On angry lip is borne.

For ashes were my daily food,
My cup I mingled high
With weeping, for Thine ireful mood,
Thy stern unpitying Eye.

Thou lift'st me high, on earth to cast,
Like a declining shade
My few fleet days are gone and past;
With the green herb I fade.

PART II.

But Thou art throned evermore,
Age after age of Thee shall learn;
On Sion, nam'd Thine own of yore,
Thou wilt arise, Thine heart will yearn.

For why? her time of grace is near,
Th' appointed time; Thy servants true
Think on her stones, for ever dear,
With aching heart her ashes view.

For this shall heathens fear Thy Name,
The kings of earth Thy glory, Lord;
"God hath built Sion," they proclaim,
"In all His light hath shone ador'd,"

The loneliest on the desert heath—
He turn'd Him to their wistful cry;
He hath not scorn'd the prayer they breathe:
Write this to all eternity.

To other years the record write,
Till a new world, of glorious birth,
Praise God, who, from His holy height,
From Heaven, hath lov'd to look on earth,

To hear the prisoner's sighing sore,
Release the children doom'd to die;
God's Name in Sion to adore,
In Salem His high Majesty;

When tribe and realm together throng,
The mighty God to serve and praise.

He bow'd my strength, my way along,
Cut off my few and evil days.

Then said I, O my God and King,
Now chase me not, as smoke on high,
Ere half my days, a fading thing:—
Thy glorious years shall never die.

Thou, Lord, of old hast deeply cast
The roots of earth; Thine Arm hath set
The heavens: they perish; sure and fast
Thine aweful station holds Thee yet.

Their colours as a garment flee,
Thou fold'st them like a robe decay'd,
And they are chang'd; but Thou art He,
Thy countless years shall never fade.

Thy servants' seed, Thy chosen race,
An endless tabernacle find,
And fix'd in Thine own glorious place
Before Thee dwells the holy kind.

PSALM CIII.

PART I.

My soul, praise thou the glorious Lord, and all
The secrets of my heart, His holy Name:
My soul, in praise before th' Almighty fall,
Nor once forget His bounty, nor disclaim;
Who pardons first thy sin, then heals thy pain;
First frees thy life from danger and from bane,

Then crowns thee with benignest, tenderest love:
Who nurtures thee with fulness of all good,
Till in fresh youth thou dare the deep above,
Rise eagle-like, and feel thee all renew'd.
Praise ye the Lord, by whom the right is strong,
Th' avenging God, for all who suffer wrong.

His wondrous ways to Moses He proclaim'd,
To Israel's seed His mighty works of yore;
The gracious Lord, the God of mercy nam'd,
Long-suffering, kind, retaining love in store;
With simple man He will not alway strive,
Nor His just ire for ever keep alive.

God hath not judg'd as we have wildly done,
Nor measur'd out His anger by our sins;
The souls that to His fear His love hath won,—
As Heav'n o'er earth, high mercy o'er them leans.
Far as the west from where the bright stars dawn,
Our sins from us th' Almighty hath withdrawn.

As yearns a father o'er his children dear,
So yearn'd the Lord's relenting Majesty
O'er every heart that bows to Him in fear,
Remembering timely, that frail dust are we.
He knows our frame, and how we fleet and pass:
Frail man—his days are like the withering grass.

PART II.

As in the field the fresh bright flower,
He glances forth; the wind sweeps o'er,
And it is gone; its native bower
And home remembers it no more.
But God's high love from age to age,
With His adoring heritage
Abides, and children's children bless
His true unswerving righteousness.

They bless, who keep His covenant sure,
His laws rememb'ring to obey.
He is the Lord, He bids endure
His throne in Heaven for boundless sway.
His sovereign throne is over all:
Praise ye the Lord, and lowly fall
Before Him, all ye sons of light,
Angels, ye mightiest in His might.

Praise Him, for ye perform His word
At hearing of His glorious voice;
All ye His armies, praise the Lord,
Ye servants of His sovereign choice:
Praise Him, who do His gracious will;
Praise Him, all ye His works, that fill
All regions of His vast abode:
My soul, praise thou the glorious God.

PSALM CIV.

PART I.

My soul praise the Lord:
Thou Lord, mine own God,
Art glorious, enrob'd
in Beauty and Might;

The Heav'ns like a curtain
Thou spreadest abroad,
As raiment around Thee
enfoldest the light.

For chamber-beams sure,
dark waters He binds;
Of clouds dim and deep
His chariot doth frame;
On stormy blasts riding,
on wings of all winds,
His angels are spirits,
His hosts a clear flame.

On roots of her own,
He built the firm globe,
For ever and aye
unswerving to last;
The waste Ocean gath'ring
o'er all as a robe:
O'er all the high hills
the surging waves past.

At Thy dread rebuke
they flee and they fail;
Thy thunder is heard,
they speed here and there;

They burst the ridge over,
they rush down the vale,
Where Thou hast appointed
they haste to repair.

Thine own word hath set
their border and bound;
They roar and they toss,
but cannot pass o'er:
The oath of JEHOVAH
a sure fence is found;
The flood o'er the mountains
returneth no more.

PART II.

He unchains the gushing rills,
And the foaming torrent fills,
Leads the rivers on their way
Round each darksome mountain bay,
Which their cool clear bev'rage yield
To weary herds from wood or field;
Thither speeds the wild ass strong,
There he laves his parched tongue.

O'er them fleet the birds of air,
There they build, and nestle there,

There untir'd their warblings pour,
Each from his own leafy bower.—
From His chambers in the sky
He waters all the plains on high,
Till the earth have drunk her fill,
Fruit of Thy creative will.

By His care the tender grass
Springs where flock or herd shall pass;
He the riper blade assign'd
For a treasure to mankind;
So might earth her store impart,
The new wine cheer man's sinking heart;
So with oil his brow might brighten,
Bread his drooping spirit lighten.

Trees of God! ye have your fill,
Cedars on the Syrian hill,
All the pride of Lebanon,
He hath set you for his own;
There all birds their coverts twine,
The stork hath found her home, the pine;
Mountain-peaks—the goat is there;
Sea-cliffs are the conies' lair.

PART III.

The Moon for solemn times He made,
The bright Sun knows his hour to fall,
That night may be, Thou draw'st Thy shade,
And hovering darkness shelters all.

Then rous'd from where they slept the day,
The forest people prowl abroad;
Wean'd lions roaring for their prey
Come forth to seek their meat of God.

The Sun is up; they get them in,
And couch them deep in cave or lair;
Man goeth forth; his toils begin,
His task is set till twilight air.

How manifold Thy works, O Lord!
Thou mad'st them all with art divine,
The boundless earth by Thee is stor'd,
Her household and her stock is Thine.

Yon ocean vast and spreading wide
His giant arms on either hand,—
There great and small by myriads glide,
Thy living hosts, a countless band:

There daring keels at pleasure roam:
Leviathan,—Thy forming care
Hath wrought him, for that spacious home,
To make with him dread pastime there.

All wait on Thee with asking eye,
Thee, Giver of their daily bread;
Thou giv'st, they gather: bounteously
Thou op'st Thine hand, and they are fed;

Are fed and have delight their fill:
Thou hid'st Thy face, they wild'ring mourn;
Their spirit Thou recall'st at will,
They die, and to their dust return.

PART IV.

Thou send'st forth Thy Breath,
and they are new made,
And earth as at first
looks vernal and bright:
In glory for ever
the Lord is array'd,
And in His creation
our God will delight.

He looks on the Earth;
it reels to and fro:
He toucheth the hills;
in smoke they ascend:
Through life to JEHOVAH
mine anthems shall flow,
All years of my being
with holy hymns blend.

With dear thoughts of Him
my heart shall run o'er:
With God all my treasure
of gladness is stor'd.
The sinners are wasted,
Earth sees them no more;
The rebels—where are they?
My soul, praise the Lord.

PSALM CV.

PART I.

Praise ye the Lord, sound high His Name,
His deeds in every realm proclaim,
Own Him with airs and solemn lays,
And deeply search the minstrel maze
To tell aright His wondrous ways.

Come, triumph in His Name ador'd;
Joy to their heart who seek the Lord:
Enquire ye out the Lord of Light,
Our God and His Eternal Might;
For ever seek His aspect bright.

Muse o'er the wondrous acts He wrought,
His signs, the lore His lips have taught,
Thou seed of Abraham, tried and known
His servant; Israel's children, won
Out of the world to be His own.

He is the Lord our only God,
On Earth His judgments are abroad;
He hath remember'd evermore
His covenant and His oath of yore,
To thousand ages given in store;

To Abraham how He pledg'd His troth,
To Isaac sware His aweful oath,
And made it stand to Jacob sure,
A holy law, a covenant pure,
With Israel ever to endure.

Thus spake the Lord; " To thee by line
" The realm of Canaan I assign,

" Your heritage and portion'd land:"
When few they were, a scanty band,
And aliens on the fated strand.

From realm to realm they come and go,
From prince to tribe; to work them woe
He suffer'd none: with Kings He chode;
" Spare ye My prophets on their road,
" Nor touch th' anointed ones of God."

PART II.

He call'd for dearth on all the land,
Their staff of bread He brake:
But He had sent a man before,
E'en Joseph, for their sake.

His highly-favour'd one He sold
To heathens' harsh controul;
The galling fetters wrung his feet,
The iron pierc'd his soul.

He linger'd till the season set
By Thy prophetic word,
Tried sore by Thine afflicting will,
As gold in fire, O Lord.

A Monarch sent, and he was free,
A prince of regions wide
Unbarr'd his cell, and through his gates
In triumph bade him ride:

Lord of his household and his store,
His nobles at his will
To bind, and make his elders wise
With his diviner skill.

And Israel into Egypt came,
In Ham's and Misraim's land
Our father sojourn'd: far and wide
They grew on either hand.

He said, "Increase;" and they were strong,
And mightier than their foes.
What if their heart he turn'd, to hate
The race th' Almighty chose?

What if they vex, by craft and guile,
His vassals and His seed?
His servant Moses He hath sent,
And Aaron in their need;

Moses and Aaron whom He chose;
And they have dealt around

His wonder-working words, and signs
In Ham's unshower'd ground.

PART III.

He bade dark horror o'er them brood ;—
One hour they fear Him, and obey ;—
He turn'd their waters into blood,
The gasping fishes died away.

With crawling frogs the region teem'd,
Ev'n in the chambers of their king:
He spake,—o'er all their borders stream'd
Foul lice, and flies of noisome wing.

For showers He gave them hail, and fire
In darted flakes along the ground ;
Their vines and fig-trees in His ire
He smote, and scath'd their forest bound.

He spake,—the locust band was seen,
And palmer worms, a countless host,
Devouring all their uplands green,
Devouring all the reaper's boast.

The first-born of their home and fold,
Their prime of strength, He swept away,
With silver freed them, and with gold,
No stumbler in their long array.

'Twas joy in Egypt, when they went,
Their fear was heavy on their foes:
He spread a cloud to be their tent,
His guiding fire all night arose.

They ask'd; at evening quails He gave;
They ate the bread of Heaven their fill;
He cleft the rock;—the gushing wave
Cours'd o'er the sands, a brimming rill.

For on His holy word He thought,
He thought on Abraham, His true friend;
His people He with gladness brought,
His chosen songs of joy attend.

He gave them heathen lands to share,
The toil of thousand realms in store,
His laws in heart for aye to bear,
And keep His judgments evermore.

PSALM CVI.

PART I.

Praise ye the Lord, for good is He,
His mercy fills eternity.
Who can express Thy deeds of might,
Or tell out all Thy glorious praise aright?

How blest, who by the truth abide,
The righteous in all seasons tried!
Remember me with Thy dear love,
The favour, Lord, Thy seal'd and chosen prove.

Come, shew me all Thy saving health,
That I may see Thy servants' wealth,
And with Thy people's joy rejoice,
And triumph with the nation of Thy choice.

PART II.

Lord, we have sinn'd, as erst our fathers old,
With swerving heart and self-corrupting ways;
So from Thy wondrous works, Thy love untold,
Our sires in Egypt turn'd their heedless gaze.

Even by the sea, upon the Red-sea strand,
Their hearts were wayward: yet He sav'd His own,
For His name's sake, to shew His powerful Hand;
With ocean-waves He chode, and they were gone.

The Red-sea dried away—He mark'd their path
Through coral-deeps, as o'er a sandy wild;
He sav'd them from th' oppressor's arm of wrath,
From stern pursuers' might He won His child.

Their tyrant-foe,—deep waters o'er him went,
Not one was left of all the martial maze:
Then on His word believing eyes were bent,
Their Saviour heard their high triumphant lays.

But they made haste, His mighty deeds forgot,
Nor waited for the counsel of His will;
Far in the wild their lawless fancy wrought,
They tempted God on every sun-burn'd hill.

And He hath given them all their heart's desire,
And fill'd their hearts with leanness: yet once more,
For Moses, in His camp they wak'd His ire,
For Aaron, tho' JEHOVAH'S seal he bore.

Then open'd earth, proud Dathan to devour,
To close o'er wan Abiram's shrieking crew:

The fire among them blaz'd, that aweful hour,
Sharp folds of flame around the murmurers flew.

PART III.

On Horeb side a calf they rear,
They bow them to the molten gold;
So, for a form of grazing steer,
Their hope, their glory, they have sold.

Their saving God their hearts have lost,
His mighty works in Misraim's land,
His marvels in Ham's burning coast,
His terrors on the Red-sea strand.

Then spake the Lord to cast them out;
But Moses stood, His chosen friend,
Stood in the gap, with eye devout,
To turn His wrath, and stay their end.

And they have scorn'd the pleasant shore,
They gave no credence to His word;
Each in his tabernacle door,
They murmur'd, nor would hear the Lord.

Then lift He up His aweful Hand,
To strew them o'er the region drear,
To sift their seed o'er many a land,
'Mid nations scattering far and near.

They bound them fast to Peor's yoke,
They ate charm'd offerings of the dead;
So dar'd they, wilful, Heaven provoke,
Till o'er them brake His wrath-fire dread.

Then Phinehas rose; the plague was stay'd;
He rose and gave th' atoning wound;
And God in Heaven the deed repaid,
With righteousness eternal crown'd.

By waters, nam'd of strife, they chode,
'Twas ill with Moses for their sake;
For to rash ire his lips they goad,
In bitterness of soul he spake.

PART IV.

Nor did they sweep, as He decreed,
The heathen tribes away,
But mingled with th' ungodly seed,
And learn'd to live as they.

They serv'd their idols, loose and vain,
A tangled snare and dark ;
Both son and daughter they have slain
By dæmon shrine or ark.

The blood of innocents they shed,
Their youths and maidens mild
To idols of proud Canaan led,
The land with gore defil'd.

Thus with their ways, their hearts were stain'd,
They wanton'd, lewd of will ;
Then God in wrath His own profan'd,
And loath'd His chosen hill.

He gave them o'er to heathens' hold,
Their haters wore their crown,
Their foemen grasp them uncontroll'd,
They grasp and bear them down.

Yet o'er and o'er their bands He brake ;
As oft they start away
Their own wild course ; they pine and ache,
As sinners, day by day.

But He their mournful dirge hath heard,
And look'd upon their pain ;

He view'd them, and His plighted word
Come to His heart again.

It griev'd Him for His depth of love,
He bade their spoilers turn
And pity ;—fierce enthrallers prove
How souls relenting yearn.

PART V.

And now, O Lord, our own true God,
Redeem us with Thy gathering rod,
Thy scatter'd from the heathen claim,
To magnify Thine holiest Name ;

Our troubled hearts to soothe and raise
With tones of Thine eternal praise.—
All blessing to th' Almighty Lord,
The God in Israel's realm ador'd.

For ever blessed be His throne,
And yet for ever : let His own
In choir before their heavenly King,
Amen and Hallelujah sing.

PSALM CVII.

PART I.

" Praise ye the Lord, for good is He,
" His mercy fills eternity."
So sing they, whom the Lord hath won,
Redeem'd and ransom'd for His own;
Won from the dark oppressor's hand,
And glean'd afar in every land;
The flock by Him together driven
From underneath all winds of Heaven.

Far in the wild they went astray,
A parch'd, lone desert, and no way;
No haunt of men, no home they found;
Hungry and thirsty, all around,
With languid heart they gaze and sigh,
Then to our Lord in sadness cry;
Th' Almighty heard them as they cried,
Their bands of anguish He untied.

He mark'd them out an even road
To a green isle, a sure abode;
Then let them to th' Almighty Lord
Tell out His love, His ways ador'd,

And wonders wrought in hour of need,
For children of our mortal seed,
And how He fill'd the spirit void,
The hungry soul with goodness cloy'd.

PART II.

There are who sit in darkness deep,
Low in the shade of death,
In misery and in iron bound
They draw their weary breath.

Because in evil hour they dar'd
Th' Almighty word defy,
They lightly scorn'd th' Eternal law,
The will of God Most High:

Their heart with anguish He hath bow'd,
They stumbled and lay low,
Came no deliverer—heavenward then
They turn'd them in their woe.

They call on Israel's God, and He
Enlarges their sad heart;
From darkness and the shade of death
He freely bids depart.

His mighty Arm hath burst their bonds—
Then sing they to the Lord
His mercy, and His mighty works
For helpless mortals stor'd:

And how He shatter'd with strong Hand
The folding-doors of brass,
And snapt in twain the iron bars,
And bade the prisoners pass.

PART III.

When wilful men, of wayward heart,
Moan inly, moan and pine apart,
For wandering ways, and deeds of ill:
When food and joy with loathing fill
Their spirit, and with fainting breath
They linger by the gates of death:

To God in their sad hour they cried,
Their bands of anguish He untied,
He sent His Word, and heal'd them all,
He snatch'd them from their woe and thrall:
Then let them to th' Almighty Lord
Tell out His love, His ways ador'd;

Tell ont His wonders, wrought in need
For children of our mortal seed;
With bounteous hand their offerings bring,
Thank-offerings to th' Eternal King,
And count Thy works so deep and high,
With joy and perfect melody.

PART IV.

They who go down in daring bark,
And plunge in haze of ocean dark,
Their daily harvest reap
Amid the many waters,—they
The mighty works of God survey,
His wonders in the deep.

He spake; high swell'd the whirling blast,
The waves of God so high and fast
Ascend, to Heaven they rise;
Then down amid the deeps below
They sink; in self-consuming woe
Their spirit melts and dies.

They reel as revellers to and fro,
And like a drunkard staggering go;
Their deep device and skill

To their own heart dismay'd return:—
For God in prayer they ask and yearn,
In that dark hour of ill.

They call'd th' Eternal, and He freed
And sav'd them in th' o'erwhelming need,
The whirlwind's ruthless wing
He stay'd—in calm it dies away,
And the hush'd waves in peace decay;—
Their hearts for gladness spring.

Glad are they, for they are at rest:
So to the land they love the best,
The port of their desire,
He guides them; where to Israel's Lord,
His tender love, His ways ador'd,
Their anthems shall aspire;

And tell His wonders, wrought in need
For children of our mortal seed:
So may His holy Name
Find glory, where the people meet,
The elders in the judgment-seat
His endless might proclaim.

PART V.

The flowing waters to a wild,
The water-springs to dreary drought
He turns: a fruitful region mild
His ire to salt and burning brought.

It withers, for the people's sin:
Again, He makes the wild a pool;
Where sand and bitter herbs have been,
He turns the waste to fountains cool.

And there He sets the hungry, there
To mark them out a home and rest,
Green order'd vines, and furrows fair,
With golden stores in season blest:

Lov'd, blest, and multiplied amain
By their great God's benignest will:
There is a Watcher on the plain,
To guard their herds from wasting ill.

And when to earth they droop again,
Worn out with wrong, and minish'd sore
With galling thoughts; then Heaven is fain
Contempt on mighty ones to pour:

Them in the pathless void astray
He soon will lead, and find the while
For His afflicted on their way
A refuge high, a sheltering isle.

As sheep let loose from mountain fold,
The quiet households far and wide
He plants; the just with joy behold,
The froward scorner's tongue is tied.

What man is wise and true of mind?
These wonders in his soul are stor'd,
Still more and more to search and find
The mercies of th' Almighty Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is set, I sing;
Of Thee my psalm and psaltery ring,
My Crown, my very best.
Wake, harp and lute;—I wake ere day,
All regions hear my thankful lay,
All nations own Thee bless'd.

They hear, how towers, the Heavens above,
So true, so vast, Thy guardian Love,
Thy Faith o'er clouds on high.—
Exalt Thee, Lord, o'er highest Heaven,
A Throne o'er all the earth be given
To Thy dread Majesty.

To free Thine own, Thy favour'd band,
Do Thou, Lord, e'en Thine own right Hand,
Give aid, and hear my prayer;
God in His holy place spake out:
I spring on high with gladsome shout,
The spoils of Sichem share.

O'er Succoth's vale I draw My line,
Gilead, Manasseh, both are Mine,
My horn, so high and true,
Is Ephraim; Judah speaks My lore;
I wash My feet in Moab; o'er
Proud Edom cast My shoe.

Philistia, loud o'er thee I swell
My shout; but who My way can tell
To yon high fortress mound?
Who led me erst o'er Edom's wall?
Was it not Thou, dread Lord of all,
Who loath'd us and disown'd?

Yet wilt Thou march in our array?
O help us in the battle day,
For nought is mortal trust.
Bold deeds in our victorious God
We will perform: 'tis He hath trod
Our foemen in the dust.

PSALM CIX.

PART I.

God of My praise, no more be still:
The mouth of fraud, the mouth of ill,—
On Me 'tis opening wide;
They commune with Me with false tongue,
With words of hatred round Me throng,
To reckless war defied.

As evil ones, they pay My care
With spite: all love am I, all prayer:
They good with ill repay,
And hatred for My loving will.
Set o'er him, Lord, some power of ill
To watch and rule his way.

Set Thou a dark accusing foe
On his right hand, that he may go
From judgment in his sin;
His very prayer be guilt and shame;
His days be few; his place and name
A worthier take and win.

His children orphans, and his wife
A widow; homeless be their life,
Their bread the wanderer's dole:
Where wasted lie their house and home,
Amid the ruins they shall roam,
And seek with weary soul.

O'er all he hath, dark usury's snare
Be folded; alien spoilers share
His labour and his store:
Not one, some lingering love to shew,
Not one to soothe his orphans' woe;—
O soon to be no more.

His remnant hewn and cast away,
And ere one fleeting age decay,
Clean blotted out his name:
His father's sin th' Almighty keep
In memory, nor from record sweep
Nor blot his mother's shame.

God keep them evermore in sight,
The memory of their lawless might
From earth to rend away;
Because he nurtur'd no kind thought,
The poor and needy man he sought,
The vex'd in heart to slay.

Cursing he lov'd—the curse came near;
No blessing to his soul was dear,
And he shall live unblest:
With many a curse he wrapt him round,
A clinging robe, so closely bound,
It flow'd into his breast.

His heart, as water, cursing drank,
Into his bones like oil it sank:
Now, like a mantle cast
Familiar round, a girdle worn
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
For ever cleave it fast!

PART II.

Lo here My foemen's hire,
And wages from the Lord,
Those that to harm My soul conspire
With many an evil word.

But deal Thou, gracious Lord, with Me
For Thy Name's sake, so dear to Thee.

Long-suffering is Thy love,—
O let Me now depart:
Look how forlorn and sad I rove
With inly bleeding heart.
Behold Me gone: I glide away
Like dial-shade at close of day.

I yield to every blast,
As locust fluttering wild,
And trembling, for My daily fast,
My knees are like a child:
My flesh is dried, and fails Me quite,
No oil to make Me glad and bright.

Their word of bitter scorn,
Of scorn and spite, am I,
They mark Me where I gasp forlorn,
They toss their head on high.
O help, Thou God who rul'st above,
Lord, save Me for Thine own dear love.

So may they say, "Thine Hand
"Is here, Thou, Lord, hast wrought."

Thy blessing is where they have bann'd:
They rose;—they are as nought:
Joy to Thine own: My foes are drest
In shame: it wraps them like their vest.

They wear their own deep shame—
The while untir'd I swell
My choral hymn, Thy saving Name
Amid ten thousand tell;
Thee, standing on the poor man's right,
To save his soul from wrongful might.

PSALM CX.

Thus, to my LORD, JEHOVAH spake:
"Sit Thou on My right Hand, till I
"The footstool of Thy feet shall make
"The foes who Thee defy."

The Lord from Sion bids Thee lift
Thy rod of power; Thy foes among
Rule Thou on high, a free-will gift,
Thy people round Thee throng;

Thy own free-offerings, in all light
Of holiness; Thy conquering hour.
Thy birth-dew, ere the day-star bright,
Did womb of morning shower.

The Lord hath sworn, and will not change,
"Thou art a Priest eternally,
"Melchizedek's high rank and range
"For ever Thine shall be."

O God, the Lord on Thy right Hand
Shall pierce thro' monarchs in His day
Of ire: no language and no land
But owns His aweful sway.

He hath fulfill'd His heaps of dead,
Victorious; o'er His field of war,
O'er a wide land, hath dash'd the head,—
Down, down they fall afar.

He drinketh of the way-side rill,
Therefore the Lord shall speed Him by,
His work in glory to fulfil,
And lift His head on high.

PSALM CXI.

I praise the Lord with heart entire,
In secret with the faithful choir,
And 'mid th' assembly of the just:
How wondrous are Thy works, O Lord,
So deeply trac'd, so dearly stor'd
In all true hearts, for love and trust!

All glory are His deeds, all grace,
And in its own eternal place
His righteousness for ever lives:
Of old, His marvels to proclaim,
He wrought Himself a mighty Name;
"The God who pities and forgives."

And He hath spread His sacred cheer
For every heart that owns His fear,
Remembering aye the troth He plight;
The portion of each heathen throne
Assign'd at will, and taught His own
Of His high deeds the power and might.

The workings of His mighty Hands
Are truth and judgment; His Commands
Fix'd one and all, for ever fast:

They have an Arm whereon to lean,
In Truth and Equity serene
Thro' deeps of Time ordain'd to last.

Redemption to His own He bore,
His covenant seal'd for evermore,
Holy and aweful is His Name;
The fear of God is wisdom's crown,
Sound wisdom, to th' obedient known:
Stands evermore His matchless fame.

PSALM CXII.

Who fears the Lord, that man is blest,
His joy, to work Thine high behest,
Deep in his heart shall ever rest.

Valiant on earth his seed shall prove,
And with his race, for faith and love,
A blessing through the world shall move.

Wealth in his house and store abound,
And with unfailing virtue crown'd
His name for evermore is found.

Light dawns in darkness for the good—
O merciful and mild of mood,
Thy justice with meek love imbu'd !

Seek ye for mortal bliss? behold
Yon bounteous heart, of pitying mould,
No word by judgment uncontroll'd.

For he shall ne'er be forc'd aside:
Age after age, in memory tried,
A righteous man he shall abide.

From evil hearing he no fear
May know, so firm his heart, so clear,
He trusts a God for ever near.

His heart is propp'd and settled still,
Nor will he shrink at sound of ill,
Till on his foes he see his will.

He scatter'd wide, he bless'd the poor,
His goodness through all time is sure,
High towers his horn in honour pure.

The sinner sees with inward moan,
He grinds his teeth, he pines alone,
The sinner's hope is spent and gone.

PSALM CXIII.

Praise, servants of JEHOVAH, praise
JEHOVAH's Name—O bless'd always
From this time forth be His great Name.
From where the bright sun rose, to where
He sinks at eve, Thy Name is there,
JEHOVAH, prais'd with endless fame.

God o'er all heathen rules on high,
His glory o'er th' eternal sky.
Who like the Lord our God may shew;
Exalting still His holy place,
Low bending still His eye of grace,
In Heaven above, in earth below?

He bids the poor from dust arise;
In ashes where the needy lies,
He lifts him, to enthrone with kings,
Kings of His own:—the childless wife,
With house made sure, and gladden'd life,
A joyful mother, home He brings.

PSALM CXIV.

What time, in His great Name,
From Egypt, Israel came,
The house of Jacob from the throng
Of strange barbaric tongue;

In Judah lodg'd His light,
O'er Israel spread His might:—
The sea beheld, and trembling parts,
And Jordan backward starts.

The sea hath sprung aside,
And Jordan turn'd his tide;
Like rams the desert mountains leap,
The little hills, like sheep.

What ails thee, sea, to part,
Thee, Jordan, back to start?
Ye mountains, like the rams to leap,
Ye little hills, like sheep?

O earth, be mov'd before
The God whom we adore,
Before the Lord who deigns to dwell
In tents with Israel:

Who made the rock a pool
Of mantling waters cool,
The flint-stone in the burning mount
A bright and gushing fount.

PSALM CXV.

O not to us, Eternal Lord,
O not to us impart
The glory: 'twas Thine own true word,
Thine own relenting heart.

Why should the heathen say, "Now where
"Is He they call their God?"
Behold the heavens; our God is there,
He wrought in earth abroad;

He wrought His pleasure uncontroll'd:—
And these,—their idol band,—
What are they? silver clods and gold,
The work of mortal's hand.

Mouths without speech have they, behold,
Dull ears that cannot hear,
Eyes without sight, and nostrils cold,
That find no fragrance near.

Behold their hands, they may not feel;
Their feet, they may not walk;
Nor ever o'er their lips may steal
Or breath, or sigh, or talk.

Who make them, ev'n as they shall prove,
And all that to them flee.—
Thou, Israel, trust the Lord of love,
Our Help and Shield is He:

Our Shield and Help:—thou Aaron's seed,
To Him believing flee:
Trust Him, who fear the Lord indeed,
Our Help and Shield is He.

The Lord remember'd us full well,
To bless us in our need,
To bless thee, house of Israel,
To bless thee, Aaron's seed;

To bless all hearts who God adore,
Both mighty men and base.—
The Lord increase you more and more,
You and your chosen race.

The blessed of the Lord are ye,
Who Heaven and earth array'd.—

Heaven is JEHOVAH's own; 'twas He
The earth for mortals made.

How shall the dead sing praise? or they
Who sink in silence drear?
But we Thy servants, night and day,
Will praise Thee, Lord, and fear.

PSALM CXVI.

How dear to me the bliss,
That God my voice should hear!
I ask'd Him not amiss,
For He hath bow'd His ear,
And I have sworn through all my days
To seek His aid, and sing His praise.

Around me, in the gloom,
Were bound the cords of death,
The languors of the tomb
Had chain'd my weary breath;
When close to me sad anguish came,
I nam'd aloud JEHOVAH's Name;

" Now free my soul, O Lord"—
The Lord most true and kind,
The Just One, our Ador'd,—
He bears a Father's mind.
The Lord preserves the simple soul:
I pin'd and shrank; He made me whole.

Return unto thy rest,
Return, my weary heart,
With the Lord's bounty blest;—
My rescue, Lord, Thou art.
My soul from death, mine eye from tears,
My feet from falling, God uprears.

Now in JEHOVAH'S sight
To walk at large I'll dare,
In fields of life and light
Speed fearless here and there.
I have believ'd: my words must flow:
" 'Twas mine but only to lie low,

" To cry in anguish sore,
" 'Mankind is but a lie.' "
Now, while His love runs o'er,
What offering meet have I?
The cup of blessing at Thy board
I lift, and name Thy Name, O Lord.

My vows to Israel's King
Make haste and let me pay;
His tribes shall see me bring
Mine homage due to-day.
The death His holy ones shall die,
Is precious to JEHOVAH's Eye.

Thine am I;—hear from Heaven
Thine own, Thine handmaid's son:
My fetters Thou hast riven,
My praises Thou hast won.
My sacrifice of thanks I frame,
And call upon JEHOVAH's Name.

My vows to Israel's King
Make haste and let me pay,
'Mid all His people bring
Mine homage due to-day;
In His own courts, His holy ground,
Thy bulwarks, Salem, glittering round.

PSALM CXVII.

All nations, praise the Lord above,
All realms with melody adore;
For mighty o'er us is His Love,
The Lord's high Truth is evermore.

PSALM CXVIII.

Chorus. Praise ye the Lord, how kind, how nigh,
His mercy fills Eternity.
Let Israel now adoring cry,
" His mercy fills Eternity."
Let Aaron's line new anthems try,—
" His mercy fills Eternity."
Who fear the Lord, sing deep and high,
" His mercy fills Eternity."

" 'Mid straitening woes to Him I cried,
" I call'd the Lord by name,
" And in a region far and wide
" The Lord's true answer came.

" The Lord is mine, I fear no ill
" That man may do to me.
" The Lord, mine aid; my prayer and will
" Upon my foes I see."

Chorus. In the Lord's shade 'tis good to rest,
Not hold by mortals weak:
To trust in God is good, is best,
Not to high nobles seek.

" All heathen hordes around me throng:
" ' JEHOVAH' is my call,
" Thy Name, my war-note: I am strong
" To mow, to rend them all.

" They gird me close, they gird for harm:
" ' JEHOVAH' is my call,
" Thy Name, my war-note: so mine arm
" May fearless lop them all.

" As swarming bees around they flow,
" As fire in thorns they fall;
" In God's high Name I onward go,
" I mar, I quench them all.

" Thou hast thrust sore, to cast me down,
" The Lord was on my side;
" The Lord my Strength, my minstrel Crown,
" Mine Health and Saviour tried."

Chorus.

A voice of health, a glad alarm,
Where good men dwell:—the Lord's right Arm
Wrought power—the Lord's right Arm on high,
The Lord's right Arm in victory.

" I shall not die, but live, and tell,
" The deeds of God most high;
" The Lord hath chasten'd me full well,
" But left me not to die.

" Come throw me wide th' eternal gate
" Of Truth and Righteousness;
" There entering, evermore I'll wait,
" JEHOVAH's Name to bless.

" This is the portal of the Lord,
" The righteous here may find the way."
" I praise Thee, for Thine answering word,
" Because Thou art my Health and Stay."

Full Chorus.

Lo! now the Stone the builders spurn'd
To the Head Corner-Stone is turn'd;
'Twas of the Lord; He wrought in might:
'Tis high, 'tis wondrous in our sight.

This is the day JEHOVAH made,
A day for all our joy and mirth;
O Lord, now save us! Father, aid!
O Lord, now cheer our way on earth!

Who in JEHOVAH'S Name draws near,
Blessed is he; we hold him dear.
We bless you on your holy road,
We of the house and shrine of God.

God is the Lord who shew'd us light:
Come bind the sacrifice with cords
Even to the altar horns so bright:
That Lamb, that Altar, is the Lord's.

Thou art my God, 'tis Thee I praise:
My Lord—on high Thy Name I raise:
Praise to the Lord, for good is He,
His mercy fills Eternity.

PSALM CXIX.

PART I.

How blest the men who tread the perfect way,
Who walk entire in God's eternal law;
How blest, who His unerring rule obey,
And serve Him with a heart of love and awe.

No mischief have they wrought, no malice fram'd,
Advancing still where He ordains their road:
Thou, even Thou, Thy statutes hast proclaim'd
For deep and sure obedience, Glorious God.

And deeply, surely, 'tis my soul's desire
Thy laws to mark, on Thee my goings stay,
So Shame in me may light no rankling fire,
While tow'rd Thine eyes I wistful look alway.

So may I thank Thee with true blameless heart,
As deeper in Thy righteous lore I read:
Thy laws to keep for ever be my part;
O leave me not in mine o'erwhelming need.

PART II.

How should a youth make clear his course,
How thread the tangled way?
'Tis but to watch Thy holy word,
To watch Thee and obey.

I with the eyes of all my heart
Have sought my God and Guide:
O leave me not from Thy commands
And Thee to wander wide.

Thy teaching deeply have I stor'd
My heart and soul within,
So never might I grieve my God,
Nor swerve from Thee in sin.

Teach me Thy laws, Thou blessed One,
My Lord, and only God!
No edict of Thine aweful Voice
But I have told abroad.

Along the way of Thy commands
With brightening eye I walk:
Beyond all wealth they gladden me;
Of Thy decrees I talk:

I talk of Thy decrees: mine eye
Upon Thy paths is set;
Thy will is all my joy; Thy word
I never can forget.

PART III.

Lord, to Thy servant richly give
In keeping of Thy word to live;
Open mine eyes, Thy law to see,
And trace its wonders all to Thee.

On earth a stranger I abide,
Thy words from me Thou wilt not hide;
My soul is worn and wasted quite,
Thy laws desiring day and night.

Thou hast rebuk'd the proud accurs'd,
Who Thine eternal bands would burst:
Clear me of shame and fierce rebuke;
For ever on Thy words I look.

What if the mighty ones are met,
My name for evil to beset?
Thy statutes are my heart's employ,
Thy servant makes them all his joy.

The word and witness, seal'd by Thee,
My wisdom and delight shall be.

PART IV.

My soul is fain in dust to dwell;
O give me life, as Thou hast said:
Thou hear'st me all my goings tell,
Teach me Thy law, Thy love and dread.

Make me to know Thine order'd way,
And deeply muse Thy wonders o'er:
My soul is melting for decay;
Confirm me by Thine holy lore.

The way of lying take from me,
And bounteously Thy law impart;
I choose the truth, mine own to be,
Thy laws I number in my heart.

I to Thy holy records cling;
Hide me from shame and sad annoy:
Obedient on Thy ways I spring,
By Thee my heart swells high for joy.

PART V.

Lord, shower Thy light along my way,
That I may keep Thy laws entire,
Thy precepts teach me to obey,
And watch with all my heart's desire.

By Thine appointed rule and line
Guide me, for there I love to be;
My heart to Thy decrees incline,
And not to gold's base witchery.

From sight of ill mine eyes withdraw,
Give life and gladness in Thy road,
And on Thy servant bind Thy law,
As best may teach Thy fear, O God.

Spare me the shame I deeply fear,
Most merciful in judgment, spare;
Thou seest I hold Thy counsels dear,
Give life, Thy righteousness to share.

PART VI.

And Thou wilt come to me in love,
Thy promis'd favour I shall prove,
Thy saving health, O Lord:
And I shall find a voice of might
To silence slander and despite,
Since I have own'd Thy word.

And Thou bereave not evermore
My lips of Thine unerring lore;
Thy judgments are my stay:
So o'er Thy law with reverence deep
Perpetual watchings I may keep,
From age to age obey.

So fearless may I walk at large,
For joy that to Thy care and charge
I turn'd with asking eye:
So unabash'd my silence break,
And of Thine aweful records speak
When mightiest kings are nigh.

Thy laws I take to be my part,
To soothe and bless my brightening heart,
My rest and my delight,
My joy and rest; with both my hands
I reach me forth to Thy commands,
To learn them day and night.

PART VII.

Thou to Thy servant spak'st of old,
Thou said'st, "On Me rely;"
Remember, 'tis my solace, Lord,
In my deep agony:

In all my grief and low estate,
By Thy kind words I live;
The proud have scorn'd me to the height,
But to Thy laws I cleave.

I number all Thy ways of old,
And comfort me, O Lord,
Though horror seize me for th' unjust,
The recreants from Thy word.

Sweet strains to me Thy laws have been,
Sweet music in my heart,
Where on my lonely pilgrimage
I sojourn all apart.

Lord, to Thy Name, and to Thy Law,
My nightly soul I raise;
'Tis my reward for keeping close
Thine everlasting ways.

PART VIII.

O Lord, my portion, I have vow'd
To learn and keep Thy lore:
My prayer I made with all my heart
Thine aweful eye before:

Be merciful as Thou hast said:
I measur'd o'er my ways,
And to Thy records turn'd my feet;
I stay'd not in amaze;

I ask'd not why nor how, I sprang
To keep Thy word and will:
Though sinners' bands are round me drawn,
Thy law is with me still.

At midnight I arise, to Thee
My thankful hymns to pour:
The judgments of Thy righteousness
Awakening I adore.

A friend to all who fear Thee, Lord,
And keep Thy laws, am I:
Teach me Thy will; the earth is stor'd
With Thy benignity.

PART IX.

Lord, with Thy servant Thou hast wrought
Thy promis'd love and care:
The best of knowledge and of skill
Vouchsafe me, Lord, to share.
For I have trusted in Thy way,
When Thou command'st, I dare obey.

Ere trouble come, I wildering went,
But now I keep Thy word:
Good art Thou, Giver of all good;
Teach me Thy will, O Lord.
Darkly for me the proud devise
Their tale of cruelty and lies.

They weave their ill; but all my heart
Is watching Thy decrees:
O gross and heavy-soul'd! they sit,
And dream in reckless ease:
No soothing I, no comfort draw
From aught but Thine eternal law.

'Tis good for me that I have borne
Thy sore afflicting hand,
That I might deeply read and learn
Thy counsel and command.
'Tis good for me Thy words to hold
More dear than gems and treasur'd gold.

PART X.

Thy hands have made and fashion'd me,
Be Thou my teacher too,
That I may learn Thy holy laws,
And all I learn, may do.

Who tremble at Thy holy Name,
They see me and rejoice;
Because I waited for Thy word
With all my care and choice.

Lord, I have own'd Thine high decrees
Eternal Truth to be;
In very faithfulness, I know,
Thine Arm hath humbled me.

I pray Thee, let Thy mercy come
To me with solace bland:
Thy word unto Thy servant given,
In pity let it stand.

And let the yearnings of Thy love
Draw near, that I may live,
For to my heart Thy words alone
Refreshing gladness give.

Let haughty men be sham'd and still'd,
Who guileful wrest aside
My cause and me: but all Thy rules
Deep in my heart abide.

Who fear Thee, and Thy records know,
To me I bid them turn;
Sound in Thy laws my heart would be,
With no remorse to burn.

PART XI.

With longing for Thy grace
My soul hath pin'd away:
And patiently for Thy true word
I watch and wait all day.

Mine eyes have pin'd away
With searching Thy decrees:
"When wilt Thou come to me," I cry,
"And my sad spirit ease?"

As wine-skin in the smoke,
My heart is sere and dried,
My wither'd heart: yet deeply there
Thy statutes, Lord, abide.

When will they have an end,
Thy servants' weary days?
When will Thine arm my vengeance wreak
On dark oppressing ways?

For me the haughty men
Their pitfalls darkling hew:
O far unlike Thy holy law,
Thy course so clear and true.

For they are very truth,
Thine orders, one and all;
But these in guile would hunt me down,
Lord, help me ere I fall.

All but an end of me
On earth their malice made;
But in the way by Thee ordain'd
My fearless spirit stay'd.

According to the power
Of Thine all-searching love,

Give life, Thy sure recorded will
Unwavering, Lord, to prove.

PART XII.

For ever, O Lord,
Thy Word stands in Heaven,
Thy truth to all times:
the earth Thou hast set;
'Tis there in its station:
the laws Thou hast given,—
(For all are Thy servants)—
Thy world owns them yet.

My solace and joy
is all in Thy law,
Else in her deep woe
my soul were undone:
No time from my memory
Thy words may withdraw,
Thy life-giving mercy
by them I have won.

Thine am I, O save,
Thy will I have trac'd:
Tho' murderers beset,
Thy voice I attend:

What earth owns of perfect
I saw run to waste,
Thy law only boundless,
and deep without end.

PART XIII.

How have I lov'd Thy laws! all day
I search and try them: by Thy lore
I pass my foes in wisdom's way,
Thy word that haunts me evermore.

Beyond my teachers I am wise,
Because Thy records are my talk;
Better than elders I advise,
For by Thy rule I straightly walk.

Where sin hath left her track, I pause;
I staid my feet to seek Thy will,
Nor shrunk from Thine eternal laws;
Thou, and none else, hast taught me still.

Sweet o'er my lips Thine accents flow,
No honey sweeter on my tongue:
High thoughts by Thy decrees I know,
And deeply loathe the ways of wrong.

PART XIV.

Thy word a lantern to my feet,
A light along my paths, I find;
And I have sworn, and may not swerve,
Thy laws to keep with loyal mind.

Behold me sad and lowly laid;
Lord, cheer me by Thine own true word:
The free-will offerings of my lips
Receive, and teach Thy rule, O Lord.

My soul is alway in my hand,
Yet constant o'er Thy law I muse:
For me th' unjust the snare have spread;
I unbeguil'd Thy precepts choose.

Thy records, my sure heritage,
I claim; my soul's delight are they:
I bow'd my heart, Thy perfect will
For ever, Father, to obey.

PART XV.

Unstable hearts, of wavering choice,
I hate, and in Thy law rejoice:
Thou art my Shelter and my Shield;
I trust the light, of Thee reveal'd.

Avaunt, ye wicked; I would stay
In my Creator's guarded way:
Thy promis'd aid, Almighty, give,
That I may lean on Thee, and live.

Nor let me shame and anguish see
In longing, hoping, Lord, for Thee;
Hold me, and I am safe: Thy law
My faithful glance shall ever draw.

Who leave Thy word, Thou hurl'st away,
O soon their wily dreams decay:
The dross of earth, the sinful race,
Thou pourest out; they find no place.

'Tis here I rest: with tranquil awe
I read the sentence of Thy law,
Tho' o'er my flesh Thy terror creep;
I tremble at Thy counsels deep.

PART XVI.

Lord, I have wrought the truth,
Have walk'd the righteous way:
To spoilers without ruth
O leave me not a prey:
Be surety for Thy servant's good
Against th' oppressor proud and rude.

For Thy salvation, Lord,
My weary eyes are spent;
On Thee and Thy true word
For ever fix'd and bent.
Shew to Thy servant love entire,
And wisdom in Thy laws inspire.

Thine own, Thy vassal true,
My sovereign Lord, am I:
With light my soul endue,
Thy counsel to descry.
'Tis time for God to work: withdraw
Thy hand no more: they mar Thy law.

The dearer, for their rage,
Thy words I love and own,—

A wealthier heritage
Than gold and precious stone:—
The straighter walk by all Thy lore,
More deeply all false ways abhor.

PART XVII.

Thy records, for their wonders, Lord,
I study with unswerving eyes:
The opening Thine immortal word
Is light and learning to th' unwise.

I ope'd my mouth, I held my breath,
For joys that in Thy laws I claim:
Look on me, love me, by Thy faith,
Pledg'd to th' adorers of Thy Name.

My goings by Thy counsel guide,
Nor leave me thrall'd to aught of sin:
From mortal wrong and mortal pride
Redeem me, on Thy will to lean.

Thy glance of light toward me bend,
And with Thy lore my spirit fill:
In gushing rills mine eyes descend,
To think that man should scorn thy will.

PART XVIII.

Lord, Thou art just; in Thy decrees
The perfect truth my spirit sees;
Thou seal'st Thy records, to endure
In faith and right for ever sure.

My jealous heart is pin'd, to see
My foes forget Thy word and Thee:
Thy word, so deeply tried in fire,
Thy servant seeks with deep desire.

Lowly and low-esteem'd am I;
I have not cast Thine edicts by:
Thy will is Righteousness all o'er,
Thy law, the Truth for evermore.

Me siege and straitness overtook,
But to Thy laws with joy I look:
Thy words are endless truth: O give
A heart to read them and to live.

PART XIX.

I call'd with undivided heart,
Give ear, and I Thy laws obey:
On Thee I call'd; Thine health impart,
Thy saving health, to keep Thy way.

My voice to Thee at twilight prime
Arose; I waited on Thy word;
My eyes kept vigil ere their time,
To muse Thy lesson o'er, O Lord.

As Thou art gracious, hear my cry,
And breathe Thy law, the life from Thee:—
The guileful watchers, see them nigh,
Far from Thy law, but nigh to me.

And Thou art nigh, my God, mine Aid,
Thy laws are truth; I know of yore;
Thy records tell, how Thou hast laid
Their deep foundations evermore.

PART XX.

Mine anguish and my woe
Behold, and let me go;
Mine heart is ever on Thy laws,
Deliverer, plead my cause;

My righteous cause defend,
And give me life, to spend
With Thee and Thine eternal Word,
Thy quickening mercy, Lord.

Far out of sinners' sight
Is Thy preserving light,
Who to the lore Thy people learn
No wistful eye will turn.

The yearnings, Lord, I prove,
Of Thine unwearied love:
Thy wonted grace do Thou impart,
Enlivening my sad heart.

Full many are they found,
Who chase and close me round;
But from Thy clear and even line
I dar'd not once decline.

The recreants I survey,
And loathing turn away,
Who to Thy holy will and word
No loyal thought afford.

Thy laws and rules of old
Thou seest I dearly hold;
Lord, by Thine own long-suffering ways,
Give life, Thy servant prays.

The sum of Thy decree
Is perfect verity:
No judgment of Thy righteous lore
But lasts for evermore.

PART XXI.

Me mightiest kings would chase and spoil
Without a cause: my heart the while
Is trembling only at Thy word:
No conqueror on his heaps of prey
More joyful springs, than I survey
Deep meanings in Thy law, O Lord.

For lies, I hate them and abhor,
But welcome to my heart the lore,
My God, of Thine unchanging will:

For each true word and firm decree
My flower of praise I bring to Thee;
Seven times a day I hymn Thee still.

Peace, everlasting, cloudless Peace,
For ever flourish and increase
To the true lovers of Thy way:
No stone of stumbling where they go;—
Lord, I have sought Thine health to know,
I strove Thine edicts to obey.

My soul retain'd Thy sacred lore,
And mus'd Thy records o'er and o'er,
Till I had learn'd to love them dear:
Thy precepts high, Thy witness true,
I stor'd in heart; for well I knew
That all my ways to God are clear.

PART XXII.

My warbled plaint to Thee would rise;
Lord, in Thy wisdom make me wise:
My suppliant cry would seek Thy face;
Redeem me by Thy promis'd grace.

My lips shall be a fount of praise,
For Thou wilt teach me Thy true ways;
In words of Thine my tongue express
That all Thy laws are righteousness.

Lord, be Thine arm stretch'd out to aid,
For Thy decrees my choice I made:
I long'd for Thy redeeming health,
Thy law is all my joy and wealth.

Be to my spirit life and praise,
Thy word, mine aid: Thy servant strays
Like a lost sheep; O seek me yet,
Thy laws I never may forget.

PSALM CXX.

In woe I call'd the Lord by name,
I call'd the Lord, His answer came;
Redeem my soul, Thou mighty God,
From lying lips, from tongue of fraud.

What shall He give, what plenteous pour
On thee, thou tongue of fraudful lore?
Shafts keen as mighty warriors bear,
And burning coals of juniper.

Woe's me, that I must find a home
With Mesech! that in tents I roam
With Kedar's horde! my soul too long
Hath linger'd with th' ungentle throng;

Too long her tabernacle spread
With haters of sweet peace: I said,
"I am all peace:" they heard, they spurn'd,
The fiercer in wild war they turn'd.

PSALM CXXI.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,—
"Where will it dawn, my light and aid?"—
From God the Lord my light will rise,
Who Heaven and Earth has made.

May He ne'er yield thy foot to slide,
His watch unsleeping o'er thee keep:—
Behold, He fails not, Israel's Guide,
For slumber or for sleep.

The Lord thy Guardian is, and Stay,
The Lord o'ershades thee on thy right;
Sun may not smite on thee by day,
Nor blasting moon by night.

God keep thee safe from harm and sin,
The spirit keep: the Lord watch o'er
Thy going out, thy coming in,
From this time evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

My heart was glad to hear their call,
Who said, "To God's own house we go,"—
Thy gate and glorious wall
Our due feet early know;

Jerusalem! 'tis there we stand;
Jerusalem! for ever sure,
Built by th' unswerving Hand
In union to endure;

Fair city, in herself at rest!
The tribes are there, the tribes of God
To her their way address'd,
And climb the holy road,

(A law for Israel through all time;)
There praising God's high Name, they met;
Full many a throne sublime
For judgment there is set,

Full many a throne for David's seed:—
Come frame your prayer, come breathe your spell,
For Salem in her need!
Thy lovers, fare they well!

Peace in thy forts her refuge make,
And plenty in thy bowers increase!
For friends and brethren's sake
I bid thee joy and peace;

For friends and hearts that are as mine,
Fain would I speak thee peace entire;
For God's own glorious shrine
Thy blessing I desire.

PSALM CXXIII.

To Thee I lifted up mine eyes,
Who dwellest in the skies:
Behold! as eyes of servants turn
Towards their master's hand;
As handmaid's eyes would wistful learn
Her mistress' high command;

So wait our eyes on God our Lord,
Till He His grace accord.
Have mercy, Lord, have grace; for we
With scorn are deep imbued;
Our soul is fill'd with proud men's glee,
And taunts of worldlings rude.

PSALM CXXIV.

"Were not the Lord upon our side,"
May Israel now adoring say,
"Were not the Lord upon our side
"When men around us rose for prey,
"They had devour'd us quick; so stern
"We saw, that hour, their fury burn.

"Then o'er us burst the waters deep,
"The torrent stream; our soul had bow'd,
"Our soul had bow'd beneath their sweep;
"Dark waters, cruel waves and proud.
"Praise God, who hath not cast away
"Our soul, to their wild jaws a prey."

Even as a bird from fowler's snare,
Our soul is wafted high and free;

The snare is broken; free as air
We soar at large, and cling to Thee.
Our help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who Heaven and earth alone did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

Who in JEHOVAH dare confide,
Are even as Sion, His own hill,
Which in no time may swerve nor slide,
For ever rooted, firm and still.
The hills around Thy holy mound,
Jerusalem, for ever stand;
So God indeed in every need
Is watching round His own true band.

Around His own the Lord our God
Is watching now and evermore;
For why should miscreants' ruthless rod
Abide where righteous men adore?—
The tribes of sin their proud way win,
Where fell the lot to saints of old?—
So, in dark time, of guile and crime
The just might take unweeting hold.

O by Thine own true goodness, Lord,
Cheer Thou the good and true of heart;
But whoso turn to ways abhorr'd,
Each in his own dark winding part,
God in His wrath shall guide their path
Far off amid the lawless crew,
The cheerless way where exiles stray;—
While peace on Israel falls as dew.

PSALM CXXVI.

Lord, when Thou didst turn again
Sion's sad and irksome thrall,
We were ev'n as dreaming men,
Hope reviving gleam'd o'er all.
Then did tones of minstrel joy
Our full heart and lips employ,
Rapture's breath on high did buoy
Tongue and heart, with lightsome call.

Then of Israel's name they taught
Heathen regions far and near;
"Those with whom the Lord hath wrought
"Saving wonders, mark them here."

Yea, the Lord hath wrought on high,
Wrought us wonders gloriously;
Round Thee now with joyous cry,
God and Saviour, we appear.

Turn, good Lord, our captive band,
As with full and teeming urn
Over southern wastes of sand
Rivers in their month return.
Sow in tears, with singing reap;
Haste thee, shower thy seed and weep,
Surer, by and by, thine heap,
Golden sheaves, with joy to earn.

PSALM CXXVII.

Except the Lord the House will build,
Vain is the builder's care and pain;
Except the Lord the tower will shield,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

Vain is your care, who early rise
In haste, and lay you down so late;
Still on the favour'd of His eyes
He bids sweet slumber freely wait.

Behold, a portion from the Lord
Are children dear; a meed divine,
The fruitful womb: as arrows stor'd
In a strong warrior's hand, they shine.

Sons in our prime, no shaft so bright;
Blest he who fills his quiver so:
They unabash'd may claim their right,
And in the gate defy their foe.

PSALM CXXVIII.

O blessed all, who deeply fear
The Lord, and walk in all His ways!
Sure fruit and gladsome cheer
Thy toiling arm repays.

O well is thee, and good is thine!
Thy wife within thy sheltering wall,
A clustering fruitful vine;
Thy children in thy hall,

Like olive-branches round thy board:—
Behold! for so the man is blest,
The man who fears the Lord:
God's mercy o'er him rest!

The Lord from Sion blesses thee!
" See Salem prospering all thy days;
" Thy children's children see:—
" In Israel rest and praise!"

PSALM CXXIX.

" Full oft from youth they vex'd me sore,"
'Tis time that Israel say,
" From youth they vex'd me o'er and o'er,
" But found no might, nor way.

" The ploughers down my back have plough'd
" Their furrows sharp and long:
" But God is just, to tame the proud,
" And break their fetters strong."

Asham'd they fly, they start aloof,
Each foe of Sion flies;
They are as grass upon the roof,
That ere th' uprooting dies;

Where no glad store may reaper find
To fill his gathering hand,
Nor high their bosom heap, who bind
The sheaves in wreathed band.

Where never traveller as he past,
Did prayer or greeting frame,
Or say, " God's blessing o'er thee last,
" We bless you in God's Name."

PSALM CXXX.

From deeps so wild and drear
I call Thee, Lord, most high:
Lord, hear my prayer, unseal Thine ear,
Receive my mournful cry.

If Thou, Lord, bear in mind
All evil deeds, O Lord,
Who might abide? But Thou art kind,
With Thee is pardon stor'd:

With Thee is pardon stor'd,
Thine holy fear to aid.
I stay'd for mine Almighty Lord,
My soul in quiet stay'd.

Even for His Word and Will
I waited patiently;
Mine heavenward soul is seeking still
My sovereign Lord on high.

My soul is heavenward borne;
Less eagerly they wait
Who watch the morning,—watch till morn
Unbar the glorious gate.

Thou, Israel, wait His hour,
Thine own true God: for He
Comes fraught with love; in Him is power
From every yoke to free.

The freedom He bestows
Is perfect; He will win
His own, His Israel whom He chose,
From all their shame and sin.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, no swelling heart is mine,
Nor lofty-ey'd I stalk:
Not in deep counsels or divine,
Too high for me, I walk.

Have I not hush'd me, calm and mild,
And sooth'd my soul to rest?
I lay as calm as weaned child
Upon his mother's breast.

Like a wean'd child, behold me staid
From mine own heart and will.—
Thou, Israel, trust the Lord thine aid,
From henceforth, ever still.

PSALM CXXXII.

PART I.

Remember, Lord, for David's sake,
How with deep care his heart did ache,
How unto God he sware, and pour'd
His vow to Jacob's mighty Lord.

"My bed I climb no more, nor come
"In pleasant shade of tent or home,
"I suffer not mine eyes to sleep,
"Nor seal my lids in slumber deep,

"Till for the Lord I find a throne,
"A tent for Jacob's mighty One."
Behold, in Ephrath 'twas reveal'd,
We trac'd it to the forest field.

Beneath His tabernacle now
We come,—before His footstool bow.
Rise, Lord, to Thine own resting-place,
Thou and Thine Ark of power and grace.

Thy priests with righteousness be clad,
Thy saints with anthems high and glad;
For David's sake, Thy servant true,
The face of Thine Anointed view.

PART II.

God in His truth to David sware,—
He cannot swerve nor fleet,—
" The children whom thy loins shall bear,
" I set them on thy seat.

" Sure as thy sons my promise own,
" And keep my holy lore,
" Their children on thy guarded throne
" Shall sit for evermore."

For God hath chosen Sion hill,
There set His heart to dwell;
" This be My rest: I haunt her still,
" For I have lov'd her well.

" Her increase I will deeply bless,
" With bread her poor will cloy,
" Her priests with My salvation dress,
" Her saints shall sing for joy.

" There have I bidden David's horn
" Spread high, and flourish fair ;
" Have set a Lamp both eve and morn
" For Mine Anointed there.

" His foes with ruin and despite
" I clothe; the crown I bring
" Shall o'er him bloom as fresh and bright
" As starting flowers in spring."

PSALM CXXXIII.

Behold, how precious and how dear,
When brethren dwell in love,
Yea, dwell as one ; less soft and clear
The sacred oil-drops move,

The precious ointment on the head,
That all the beard imbues,
Ev'n Aaron's beard ; and gently shed,
His garment fringe bedews.

Less pure the dews from Hermon float,
Mount Sion melting o'er ;
For there the Lord His blessing wrote,
And life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Behold now, praise the Lord,
Who serve the Lord, sing praise,
Who in the house of our Ador'd
Stand nightly, stand always.

Toward the holy place
Lift hands, and bless His Name;
"The Lord from Sion give thee grace,
"Who Heaven and Earth did frame."

PSALM CXXXV.

PART I.

Sound high JEHOVAH's Name,
JEHOVAH's liegemen, sound,
All ye who station claim
Within His temple round:
In hallow'd courts
Of God the Lord,
The home ador'd
Where He resorts.

Praise God, for good is He;
Hymn with melodious voice
His Name, how sweet and free,
And how He made His choice;

In Jacob's field
He chose a place
With Israel's race
His portion seal'd.

For I have own'd in heart
JEHOVAH'S majesty,
Our Sovereign, thron'd apart,
Above all Gods on high:—
What seem'd Him good
He called to birth,
O'er sky and earth,
In cave and flood.

Through all His aweful deeps
He brought His sovereign will;
From ends of earth He sweeps
His host of vapours chill,
Mid flashing rains
His lightning pours,
From His own stores
The wind unchains.

On Egypt's shore He smote
Their firstlings, man and beast;
With signs of direst note,
Thy mightiest and thy least,

Thou ancient realm!
Both monarch proud,
And servile crowd,
He bade o'erwhelm.

Twas He with mighty hand
Strong nations overthrew,
And kings, a warlike band,
His arm victorious slew.
Bold Emor's boast
And Bashan's Lord,
Each haughty horde
On Canaan's coast.

And o'er them cast the line,
For His own Israel cast,
Their portion to assign.—
Thy Name, O Lord, shall last,
With Heaven's great year:
Thy Memory still
New ages fill,
For ever near.

PART II.

God pleads our right, He spares His fold:—
The heathen's idol band,
They are but silver clods and gold,
The work of mortal hand.

Mouths without speech have they, behold!
Dull eyes that own no ray,
Ears without hearing, lips so cold,
No breath may find a way.

Who made them, even as they shall prove,
And each who by them stays.—
Thou, Israel, praise the Lord above;
Ye house of Aaron, praise;

Praise God, ye house of Levi; praise
Ye hearts that own His fear;
From Sion blest in solemn lays,
To Salem ever near.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Praise the Lord: for He is love,
And His mercy lives for ever;
God of all the Gods above,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Lord of Lords, Him bless and own,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Doing wondrous deeds alone,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who by wisdom Heaven array'd,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Earth above the waters laid,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who did wondrous lights ordain,
For His mercy lives for ever;
The bright Sun o'er day to reign,
For His mercy lives for ever:

Moon and stars for midnight sway,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Who did Egypt's first-born slay,
For His mercy lives for ever:

Ransom'd Israel from their land,
For His mercy lives for ever;
With strong Arm and outstretch'd Hand,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who the Red-sea cleft in two,
For His mercy lives for ever;
March'd His Israel proudly through,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who beneath the Red-sea flood,
(For His mercy lives for ever,)

Hurl'd proud Pharaoh's warrior brood,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Through the wild His tribes He led,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Mighty kings beneath Him bled,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Mighty monarchs felt Him smite,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Sehon, haughtiest Amorite,
For His mercy lives for ever:

Bashan's Lord to earth He bore,
For His mercy lives for ever,
Cast the lot, their region o'er,
For His mercy lives for ever:

Cast it for His Israel dear,
For His mercy lives for ever;
He hath mark'd our woeful cheer,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who our foeman's grasp hath rent,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Bread for all flesh bounteous sent,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Praise God in His heavenly shrine,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Lord of Lords, all praise be Thine,
For His mercy lives for ever.

PSALM CXXXVII.

'Twas by the streams of Babylon,
'Twas there we sate and wept,
Mount Sion there we mus'd upon,
Our home in heart we kept.

The willow branches drooping round
Our silent harps sustain,
For there the foes who led us bound
Came asking for a strain.

Our spoilers call'd for tuneful glee,
"Come strike a pleasant lay,
"Some chant of Sion"—How should we
A holy strain essay?

How should we sing a song of God
Here in a stranger's land?
If I forget thee, dear abode,
Oblivion chill my hand.

Cleave to my lips, my tongue, if e'er
For mirth or rapture's call
I cease in longing heart to bear
My Salem's mouldering wall.

Lord, when Thou look'st on Edom's race,
Remember Salem's day;—
"Lay bare," they shouted, "root and base;
"Lay bare, and rend away."

Daughter of Babel, the forlorn
And waste with misery,
In blessing be th' Avenger born,
Who wreaks our doom on thee!

His bow and conquering sword be blest,
Who comes with victory crown'd,
To rend thy children from the breast,
And dash them on the ground.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

My heart's dear praise on Thee I spend;
In sight of all the powers divine,
I chant Thee, Lord, I lowly bend
Toward Thy sacred shrine.

I for Thy mercy praise Thee, Lord,
For Thy sure truth Thy Name I praise;
For Thou hast lov'd Thy faithful word
O'er all Thy Name to raise.

What time I call'd, Thine answer came,
Brightening my soul with joy and might:
Earth's monarchs all tell out Thy Name,
Thy glorious Name recite.

For they the counsel of Thy tongue
Have heard; along th' immortal road,
"How glorious, Lord," is all their song,
"How mighty is our God."

How high the Lord! and yet His eyes
Behold the lowly nestling heart;
At distance He the proud espies,
He keeps them far apart.

If in the midst of grief I walk,
Thou art my life; in wrath Thine Arm
Thou wilt reach out, my foe to balk;
Thy right Hand stays mine harm.

God, for my sake, will all achieve:
Thy mercy, Lord, will ever stand,

Then wherefore scorn'd and worthless leave
The work of Thine own Hand?

PSALM CXXXIX.

PART I.

Lord, Thou hast search'd me out, and known
My rising up and lying down;
Thou know'st them all; each thought in me
Far off is deeply trac'd by Thee.

Discoverer of my path and bed,
Companion sure where'er I tread;
Ere from my tongue a word can fall,
Behold, O Lord, Thou knowest all.

Behind, before me, all around,
Thy potent Arm my frame hath bound;
I feel Thine Hand, but may not see:—
O wondrous skill, too high for me!

I have no power on Thee to think:
Where from Thy spirit may I shrink?
Where from Thy presence may I go?
I climb to Heaven, I plunge below:

I climb to Heaven, and Thou art there;
To the low dungeon I repair
And make my bed; behold Thee still,
Thy piercing Eye, Thy ruling Will!

What if the wings of morn I take,
My tent in farthest ocean make?
Even there Thy Hand shall guide my way,
Thy strong right Arm my goings stay.

Then said I, "Darkness sure will hide;"
But night was day on every side:
The darkness is not dark with Thee,
By day and night, Thy beams are free.

PART II.

Gloom is as light, and light as gloom;
My reins and heart are Thine,
Thy work, Thy purchase: in the womb
I felt the wing divine.

I thank Thee, for in fearfulness
And wonder I am wrought:
Thy works, how dread, my soul oppress
With ever deepening thought.

My very self, that hidden spark,
Was known to Thee ere birth,
Though fram'd and fashion'd in the dark,
Here in the low, cold earth.

Thine eyes beheld me as I lay,
Ere face or form began,
And in Thy book from day to day
Was mark'd the growing man.

Thou knowest all, ere one was there,
By measure, tale, and weight.—
How dear to me Thy counsels are!
Their sum, how passing great!

I count them, and they throng around
More numerous than the sand:
Thee, Lord, awakening up I found
Still at mine own right hand.

Wilt Thou not slay th' unjust, O God?
Avaunt, ye bloody men!
Thy foes who speak of Thee in fraud,
Who take Thy Name in vain.

Do not I hate Thine haters, Lord,
And vex me sore with those

Who scorn Thee? loathed and abhorr'd
Are they, I count them foes.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
My roving thoughts survey;
Look if in me ill ways have part,
Guide me th' eternal way.

PSALM CXL.

Withdraw me, Lord, from evil eyes,
From spoilers' fury shield my way,
Who in their hearts all wrong devise,
Gathering wild war and strife all day;
Like serpents they have whet their tongue,
And adder's poison to their lips hath clung.

Keep me from touch of sinners' hand;
Guard me, good Lord, from men of wrath,
Who to thrust down my feet have plann'd,
Who in their pride along my path
Have hid the snare and drawn the net,
With cords and gall-traps all my way beset.

To God I spake: My God art Thou,
Lord, hear my cry; O kind and dread,
My strong salvation! o'er my brow
In battle hour I feel Thee spread:
Let not th' ungodly have his will,
Nor his craft prosper; stay th' o'erweening ill.

Fall on their head, who round me lower,
Fall, quickly fall their own ill lore!
Their own words bear them down, a shower
Of fire-brands wildly quivering o'er!
The fire, the pit—'tis there they fall,
Hurl'd eddying down; they may not rise at all.

Earth never saw false tongue made sure;
The violent,—evil hunts him down
With restless urging.—Who is poor
And needy? God I know will crown
His right, his cause; the spirits tried
Shall praise Thy Name, the just with Thee abide.

PSALM CXLI.

Lord, I have call'd Thee; haste, draw near,
To Thee I call, and Thou give ear:
Like incense, my due prayer to Thee shall rise,
My lifted hands, an evening sacrifice.

Lord, set a watch my mouth before,
A guard unsleeping on the door
Of my frail lips; nor leave my lawless heart
To stray at large, and take th' unholy part,

To muse and moil o'er dreams of ill
At evil-doers' reckless will.
O ne'er my soul, desire their dainty meat,
But deem the chastening of the righteous sweet.

The just man's rod is very love;
Oil to my head his wounds shall prove,
My head that may not loathe them:—my true prayer
Even yet shall rise against the deeds they dare.

Their champions see, cast down and left
Far in the wild rock's lonesome cleft,
Till they have listen'd to my gentle lore:—
Lo, where our bones, beside the grave's dark door,

Lie whitening, cast all rudely round,
As when one breaks and hews the ground;
Thus mourn I, Lord; for Thee mine asking eyes
Seek evermore, on Thee my soul relies.

O pour not out my soul, I pray,
From the dark snare preserve my way,

The chambers of the blind entangling net,
Which by my path the powers of evil set.

Behold them laid, the godless crew,
Low in the toils they darkly drew;
The while, with gathering heart and watchful eye,
I wait mine hour to pass victorious by.

PSALM CXLII.

With all my voice, I God adore,
To God my prayer is sped,
My musing in His sight I pour,
My woe before Him spread.

When heavy, like a veil of woe,
My spirit on me lay,
Thou, Thou, O Lord, didst read and know
My life's mysterious way.

They mark'd where I must go; they plann'd
Their dark and wily snare:
I look'd to see on my right hand,—
Not one would own me there.

All refuge from my heart was gone;
No searcher, none to claim
Mine outcast life; with thrilling moan
To thee, O Lord, I came.

I said, "My sheltering hold art Thou,
"My portion in the clime
"Of life and gladness: listen now
"My music's mournful chime;

"For I am wasted very low:
"But Thou my spirit free
"From hunters fell; they mighty grow,
"Too mighty, Lord, for me.

"From prison, Thy great Name to bless,
"My soul, Almighty, bring,
"That righteous men may round me press,
"Thy bounty o'er me sing."

PSALM CXLIII.

Lord, hear my prayer; incline Thine ear
To my sad yearning cry;
In truth and equity draw near,
Make answer, Lord most high:

Nor unto judgment with Thine own
Approach: for who is he,
What living soul, before Thy throne
May pure and guiltless be?

For why? the foe my soul hath chas'd;
My life to earth he bore;
He laid me low in darkling waste,
As corses doom'd of yore.

The deep of all my heart I raise
With musing on my woe;
My soul within for sad amaze
Is wildering to and fro.

Yet mus'd I o'er the days of old,
Thy ways in silent song
I trac'd; Thy handy work I told
With free unwearied tongue.

To Thee I spread mine anguish'd hand,
My soul sighs out to Thee;
Ev'n as a parch'd and weary land:—
Make haste, propitious be.

Lord, answer, ere my spirit waste,
Nor hide Thy face away,

Nor leave me liken'd to th' unblest,
Who in the grave decay.

Make me to hear Thy love at morn,
Thy love so deep and still:
Tow'rd Thee my trusting heart is borne,
Lord, teach me all Thy will.

Teach me the way that I should go;
To Thee my soul would flee;
Lord, free me from th' enthralling foe:
I have hid all with Thee.

Teach me to do what pleaseth Thee,
Mine own, mine only God;
Thy Spirit kind my Guardian be,
Along Thine even road.

Receive me, Lord, for Thy great Name,
And for Thy judgment's sake
From woe and gloom my spirit claim,
My chains of anguish break.

Ev'n now my foes, by Thy kind Arm,
Lie silent and o'erthrown:
They perish who my soul would harm;
For I am all Thine own.

PSALM CXLIV.

PART I.

Blest is the mighty God,
My Rock and sure Abode,
Who deigns in warlike lore mine arm to guide,
By Whom my fingers fight,
My Hope and Tower of might,
My Refuge high, and my Deliverer tried.

My Shield, to whom I flee
For peace and aid—'tis He
Who bows my people to my sovereign rod.
Lord, what is mortal man,
For Thee to search and scan;
The son of man, to win the thoughts of God?

Man is a thing of nought,
His weary days are brought
To dim decay, a passing shadow frail.—
Lord, bow Thy heavens, come down,
Touch every mountain crown,
And they shall smoke; Thy bolts around them hail!

Thy lightnings glance—they fly;
Thine arrows speed—they die;
Thine Arm reach out from Thine eternal height,
My prison doors throw wide,
Through many waters guide,
And free me from proud aliens' whelming might:

From alien children free,
Whose lips are vanity,
Their stay and strong right arm, an arm of fraud.
Till a new song I sing
To mine Almighty King:—
My ten-string'd lute shall hymn my guardian God.

PART II.

He to His own, His royal seed
Doth saving health afford,
His servant David He hath freed
From edge of harmful sword.

Withdraw me, save me from the might
Of aliens; save, O God!—
Whose lips have spoken guile and sleight,
Their arm, an arm of fraud.

So may our sons as saplings grow
In youth's gay hour of bloom;
As pillar'd shafts our daughters shew,
In modell'd arch or dome.

Our garners full, aye dealing forth
Their treasure, store on store;
Thousands and myriads at a birth,
Our lambs at every door.

Our oxen burden'd; no decay,
No exil'd wandering train,
No sound of wailing by the way
In street or lonely plain.

O blest! to whom such grace is given!
Blest who the Lord adore,
The tribes who call the God of Heaven
Their own God evermore!

PSALM CXLV.

PART I.

Thee will I laud, my God, our King,
Thy Name for evermore I sing,
Thee every day in thanks adore,
And sing Thy Name for evermore.

Great is the Lord, ador'd, renown'd,
No end to His high power is found;
Age answering age, Thy works of might
They chant, Thy deeds of war recite.

The beauty of Thy glorious beam,
Thy works, Thy wonders are my theme;
So mortal men Thy power and fear
May tell, of me Thy greatness hear.

The memory of Thy bounteous grace
Springs ever fresh: in hymn they trace
Thy judgments, pitying, gracious Lord!
Long-suffering, with compassion stor'd!

The Lord our God is good to all,
O'er all His works His mercies fall;
Lord, all Thy creatures Thee confess,
Thy holy ones Thy glory bless.

They tell the glory of Thy reign,
Of Thee victorious is their strain;
That mortal man His deeds might own,
The marvels of His glorious throne.

PART II.

Thy throne an ever-during throne,
Thy realm from age to age shall be;
Who fall, Thee, Lord, their stay shall own,
The drooping lean on Thee.

All bend on Thee their wistful eye,
Thee, Giver of their timely food;
Thine Hand is open to supply
Each living soul with good.

All righteous is the Lord most high,
All holy in His works and ways;
To hearts adoring ever nigh,
Adoring with true praise.

His votaries' deep desire and aim
Th' Almighty works: He hears their call,
He hears and saves; who love His Name,
He watches o'er them all.

By Him the impious sink o'erthrown;
My mouth shall speak JEHOVAH's fame,
And let all flesh for ever own
With praise His holy Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise, my soul, th' Eternal Guide;—
Thee, Lord, through life I praise:
While in being I abide,
JEHOVAH's hymn I'll raise.
Trust no more in monarch dread,
In child of mortal trust no more,
For their help is gone and fled,
Their strength and hope are o'er.

For the breath of man will fleet,
He to his earth will fall.
Counsels high and musings sweet,
That day they perish all.

Blest is he who God discerns,
The God of Israel on his side,
Whose calm hope in silence turns
To God, his own true Guide.

Earth and sea and boundless Heaven
He made, and all their store;
His sure word and promise given
He keeps for evermore.
For th' opprest He right maintains,
Gives bread to hungry souls and pin'd;
'Tis the Lord who looseth chains,
The Lord who lights the blind.

He the bow'd will straighten: He
The righteous loves, the wanderer guides;
Widow's cause and orphan's plea,
Sure patron, He provides.
He will lead the sinners' way
In tangled paths afar: thy Lord,
Sion, rules with endless sway,
From age to age ador'd.

PSALM CXLVII.

PART I.

Praise the Lord! 'tis good and sweet
  Our true God's high Name to praise:
Name how dear! and praise how meet!
  Salem's towers the Lord will raise,
Gleaning Israel's outcast band;
Broken hearts shall feel His Hand:

He will bind up all their wounds,
  He who counts the stars of night,
He who names them on their rounds:
  God is great, of endless might;
His deep wisdom who may know,
Lifting high the weak and low.

God the Lord meek hearts surveys,
  Low to earth th' unjust will bring.
Answer to the Lord in praise,
  To our God with harpings sing;
How with clouds He veils His sky,
Rain for earth prepares on high,

Bids His hills with herbage wave,
Feeds His herds in every vale,
Feeds young ravens when they crave,
When tow'rd Him they cry and wail.
Horse's strength nor racer's skill
Please His heart, nor win His will.

God is pleas'd and won with fear,
Silent waiting for His love.
Salem, sing with awful cheer,
Sion, sing thy Lord above;
How He barr'd thy gates in need,
In thy bosom bless'd thy seed.

PART II.

Who makes thy borders peace,
Fills thee with large increase,
Rich kernels of the foodful wheat:—
Far over sea and land
He sends His high command,
His word of pow'r, that runs so fleet.

Who giveth snow like wool,
O'er plain and frozen pool
His hoar sleet scattering far and wide:

His icy bolts are hurl'd
O'er all the wintry world;
His withering cold who dare abide?

He sends His word again,
He breaks th' ungenial chain,
He breathes His breath, the waters flow.
'Tis He to Jacob's line
Declares the word divine,
Bids Israel all His judgments know.

They scan His aweful thought:—
Not so th' Eternal wrought
With heathen regions, far and nigh;
The aliens may not read
The wonders He decreed.—
Praise evermore the Lord Most High.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise ye the Lord from Heaven,
Praise Him in deeps on high,
Him praise, to whom is given
To serve Him in the sky:
All ye His host,
Sun, moon, each star
That gleams afar,
Him praise and boast.

Ye Heavens above Heaven's roof,
Praise Him; and all ye stores
Of waters high aloof,
Beyond where Heaven adores.
Praise they the Name
Of our high Lord:—
He spake the word,
They found their frame.

He said, "For ever stand;"
Through ages evermore
Their law and rule He plann'd;
Not one may pass it o'er.
From earth beneath,
Ye dragons fell,
And deeps of Hell,
His praises breathe.

Thou fire and hail and snow,
The wild mist's darksome hoard,
And winds that whirling blow
To work His aweful word;
Dark mountains all,
Green upland leas,
Fair fruitful trees,
And cedars tall:

What haunts the forest deep,
What feeds by lake or spring,
And worms that lowly creep,
And fowl of fearless wing:—
Ye kings enthron'd,
All in high place,
Each realm and race,
Earth's judges own'd:—

Let youths and maidens fair,
Let time-worn fathers old,
With infants, all declare,
The glorious Name untold,
JEHOVAH'S Name:
How towers alone
His perfect throne,
His aweful fame;

His fame o'er heaven and earth;
Their horn behold Him raise,
Who are His own by birth,
Of all His saints the praise;
Their pride and grace,
Whom He brought near,
His Israel dear,
His chosen race.

PSALM CXLIX.

O sing to the Lord,
sing out a new strain;
In choir of His saints
His glory they sing;
In joy for his Maker
let Israel be fain,
The children of Sion
rejoice in their King.

Come own they His Name
in far winding dance;
Come blend with His chaunt
harp, timbrel, and horn;
How God o'er His people
benignly will glance;
How crown with salvation
meek spirits forlorn:

How saints shall rejoice
in glory and joy,
How sing on their beds
with deep hearts delight:

High praise of JEHOVAH
their mouths shall employ ;
A sword in their right hand,
two-edg'd for the fight:

Proud nations to judge,
to tame heathens bold ;
Their kings bind in chains,
in fetters of steel
Their high ones, achieving
the doom writ of old:—
This grace to His favour'd
JEHOVAH will seal.

PSALM CL.

O praise God in His holy shrine and bower,
Praise Him in His own firmament of power:

Praise Him in all the wonders of His might,
Praise Him in all His greatness infinite:

Praise Him with lofty sound of trumpet call,
Praise Him with lute and lyre's melodious fall:

Praise Him with tabor's beat and winding dance,
Praise, to the flute's soft breath and harp-string's
glance.

With cymbal's clang, with cymbals of accord,
Praise Him:—each living soul, praise thou the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost on high,
As was of old, is now, shall be
Through all Eternity.

Long Measure.

To God the Father laud and praise,
The Son and Holy Ghost on high,
As in beginning was, is now,
Shall be to all Eternity.

Short Measure.

To God the Father praise,
The Son, and Spirit on high,
As was of old, is now, shall be
To all Eternity.

AS PSALM II.

Glory to the Father high,
Son, and Spirit's Majesty,
As in beginning was, is now, shall be
Age after age, and fill Eternity.

AS PSALM IX. PART II.

All praise to God the Father be,
Eternal Son, all praise to Thee,
And to the Spirit pure;
As was of old ere Time began,
Is now, and through th' eternal span
Of ages shall endure.

AS PSALM X. PART I.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to the blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of Grace,
Coequal Three in One;
As was of yore, is now, shall be
Through ages of Eternity.

AS PSALM XVIII. PART II.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to the Son all glorious,
And to the Holy Spirit of Grace,
One God, on high victorious:
As was of old, is now, shall be
Through ages of Eternity,
World without end enduring.

AS PSALM XVIII. PART V.

Glory to the Father high,
To the Son's dread Majesty,
To the Spirit, One and Three,
Blessing, honour, glory be:
Even as ere the world begun,
Even as now while ages run,
Even as shall be evermore,
When the world of change is o'er.

AS PSALM XX.

All praise to God the Father be,
Eternal Son, all praise to Thee,
And to the Holy Spirit pure:

As was of old ere Time began,
Is now, and through th' eternal span
Of ages shall unchang'd endure.

AS PSALM XXVIII.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to the blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of Grace,
Coequal Three in One;
As was of old, is now, shall be
To all Eternity.

AS PSALM XXIX.

Father of all, high praise to Thee,
Thy Son, and Spirit's Majesty;
As was, and is, and aye shall be.

AS PSALM XXXIII. PART I.

Father of all, high praise to Thee,
And praise we to the height
The Son, and Spirit's Majesty;
As was of old, is now, shall be
In worlds of endless light.

AS PSALM XXXV. PART II.

Glory be to God the Father,
To the Son, and Spirit pure,
As it was in the beginning,
Is, and ever shall endure.

AS PSALM XLVI.

Glory to the Father's merit,
To th' Eternal Only Son,
To the pure and Holy Spirit;
As it was ere time begun,
Is, and shall be
Ever, when his course is run.

AS PSALM XLVII.

To God the Father praise and adoration,
And to the Son, and Holy Ghost our Guide,
As in beginning was, before creation,
Is now, and shall for evermore abide.

AS PSALM XLVIII. PART I.

Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever guiding,
As was of old, is now, shall be
World without end abiding.

AS PSALM LVI. PART I.

Praise to the Father's Name,
And to the Son our Light,
And to the Spirit's Majesty
All honour, praise, and might;
As was of old, is now, shall be
Through ages of Eternity,
In worlds of endless light.

AS PSALM LIX. PART II.

To God the Father praise,
And to His blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Coequal Three in One:
As was of yore, is now, shall be
Through ages of Eternity.

AS PSALM LXVIII. PART I.

Glory to God the Father be,
Glory, Eternal Son, to Thee,
And to the Spirit's Majesty,
Coequal Three in One:
As was of old, all worlds before,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
When time and change are spent and o'er,
When heaven and earth are gone.

AS PSALM LXXII.

To God the Father laud and praise,
The Son, and Holy Ghost on high,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be yet to all Eternity.

AS PSALM LXXV.

Glory to the Father be,
And to the blessed Son,
And the Spirit's Majesty,
Coequal Three in One:

Ev'n as ere the world had birth
It was, is now in heaven and earth,
And when earth and heaven are o'er,
Shall be for evermore.

AS PSALM LXXVIII. PART II.

Father of all, high praise to Thee,
And to the blessed Son,
And Spirit, Three in One:
As was of old, is now, shall be,
When heaven and earth are o'er,
In worlds that change no more.

AS PSALM LXXIX. PART I.

Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ere heaven and earth begun,
Now, and ever without end.

AS PSALM LXXXIX.

Father of all, high glory be to Thee,
And to the Son and Holy Ghost our Guide,
As in beginning was, is now, shall be
For ever, while th' eternal heavens abide.

AS PSALM XCII.

Glory to God the Father be,
Glory, Eternal Son, to Thee,
And to the Spirit's Majesty,
Coequal, glorious Three in One:
As was of old all worlds before,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
When time and change are spent and o'er,
When heaven and earth are worn and gone.

AS PSALM XCVI.

Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be
In His own Eternity.

AS PSALM XCVIII.

Glory to God the Father be,
The Holy Son, the Spirit pure,
As was of old, as now we see,
As ever shall endure.

AS PSALM CIII. PART I.

Father of all, high glory be to Thee,
High glory to th' Eternal only Son,
High glory to the Spirit's Majesty,
Glory and blessing to the Three in One;
As in beginning was, is now, shall be
In worlds unchanging, through Eternity.

AS PSALM CIV.

All glory to God
the Father of Heaven,
And to His dread Son,
and Holy Ghost pure;
As in the beginning
was offer'd and given,
Is now, shall be ever,
to all ages sure.

AS PSALM CV. PART I.

Father of all, high praise to Thee,
Praise to th' Eternal, only Son,
And Holy Spirit's Majesty;
As was of old ere Time begun,
Is now, and shall for ever be.

AS PSALM CXXII.

Glory to God the Father be,
The holy Son, the Spirit pure,
As was, as now we see,
As ever shall endure.

AS PSALM CXXVI.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory to the blessed Son,
And the Spirit's Majesty,
Everlasting Three in One:
Even as ere the world had birth
Was, is now in heaven and earth,
And when earth and heaven are o'er,
So shall be for evermore.

AS PSALM CXXXV. PART I.

To God the Father praise,
And to the blessed Son,
And to the Spirit of grace,
Coequal Three in One;

As was of yore,
Is now, shall be,
While ages flee,
For evermore.

AS PSALM CXXXVI.

Father, glory be to Thee,
To the blessed Son and Spirit;
As it was, is now, shall be:
Praise to Thine eternal merit.

AS PSALM CXL.

Father of all, high praise to Thee,
And to th' Incarnate, only Son,
And to the Spirit's Majesty,
Coequal Three, Eternal One:
As was of old, is now, shall be
In worlds to come, and fill Eternity.

AS PSALM CXLI.

Glory to Thee, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As in beginning was, is now, shall be
In worlds to come, and fill Eternity.

AS PSALM CXLIV.

Father of all, to Thee
High praise and glory be,
And to Thy Son and Holy Spirit pure;
As was of old, now is,
And in the perfect bliss
Of worlds unchanging ever shall endure.

AS PSALM CXLVII. PART I.

Father, glory be to Thee,
Glory to the blessed Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Glory to the Three in One:
As it was, is now, shall be,
Filling all Eternity.

AS PSALM CXLVII. PART II.

Father of all, to Thee
High praise and glory be,
And to Thy Son and Spirit pure:
As was of old, now is,
And shall in perfect bliss
Of that eternal world endure.

AS PSALM CL.

Praise to the Father, Son, and Spirit pure,
As was of old, is now, shall aye endure.

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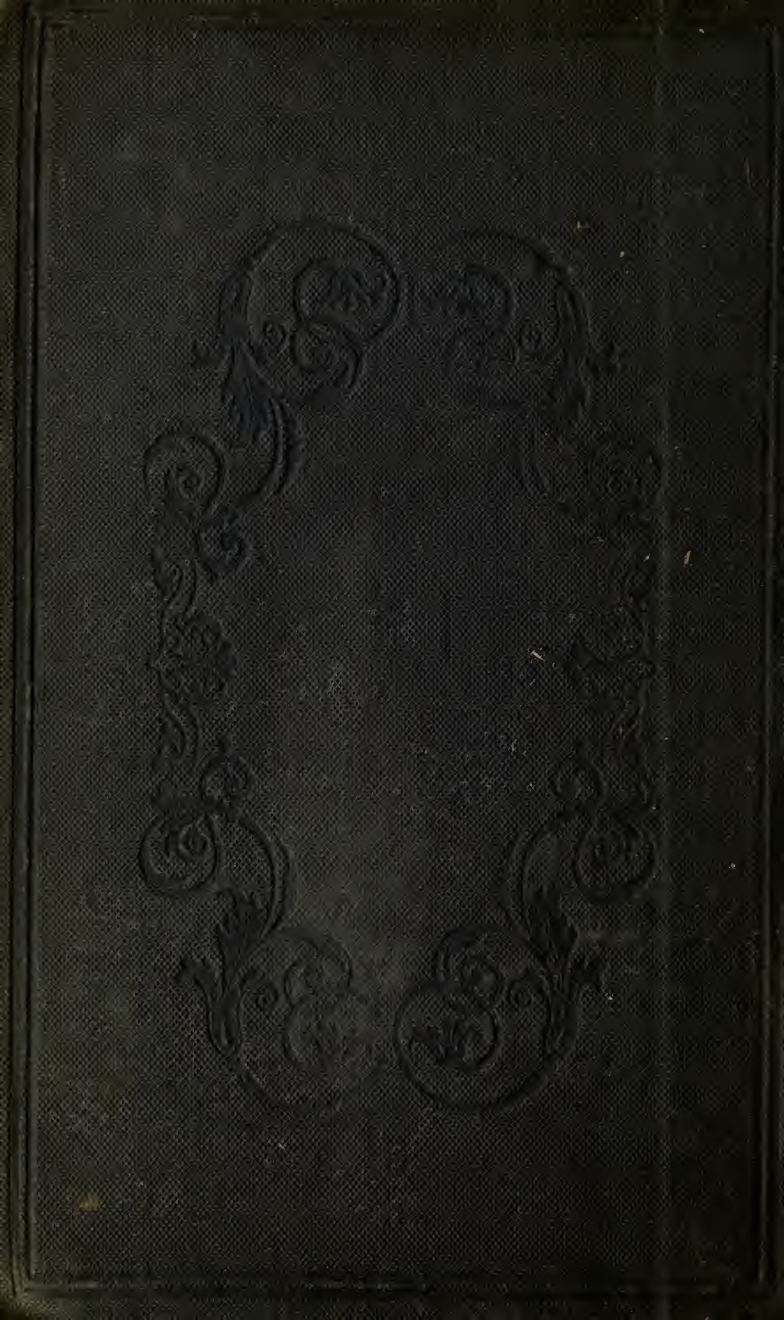
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